

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN
Folder 3

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STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN

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Biographies and Stories of Abraham Lincoln

Stories about Lincoln Folder 3

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Call to arms - 1861

WHO FIRST ANSWERED THE PRESIDENT'S CALL?—On the morning of the sixteenth of April, 1861, at nine o'clock, the Logan Guards received orders from Gov. Curtin to proceed immediately to Harrisburgh, and by nine o'clock that night they were ready to leave for that place with one hundred members. Through some mismanagement of the railroad company, they did not get off until the next morning at four o'clock. As a consequence, they arrived in Harrisburgh about six o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth, which was, at least *one hour before the arrival of any other company*. After the other companies arrived, they were all sworn in together; and on the morning of the eighteenth the five companies left Harrisburgh for Washington city. During their passage through Baltimore, and their entrance into Washington, *the Logan Guards had the right, and were the first company to report themselves for duty to the Adjutant General*. The credit should fall on those who deserve it—the gallant Logan Guards, Capt. John B. Selheimer, of Lewiston, Millin County Pennsylvania.

F. W. BAKER P 10

— A good-hearted old Republican yeoman of Illinois, having imbibed the foolish notion that attempts are to be made upon the life of Mr. Lincoln —by poison or otherwise—recently walked a long distance for the purpose of uttering his solemn warning. Arriving in the presence chamber of Republican royalty, he became abashed and forgot his errand. He was turning to leave, when a sudden inspiration struck him, and he said quietly, "I won't leave till I tell ye, sir! Just mark my words! *Don't you eat nothing except what the old woman cooks for ye!*"

ONE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BEST STORIES is contained in the following, copied from the personal recollections of F. H. Carpenter, published in the New York Independent:

Shortly afterward, he told us this story of "Andy Johnson" as he was familiarly in the habit of calling him. It was a few weeks prior to the Baltimore Convention, before it was known that Governor Johnson would be the nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Said he, "I had a visit last night from Colonel Moody, the fighting Methodist parson" as he is called in Tennessee. He is on his way to the Philadelphia conference, and, being in Washington over night, came up to see me. "He told me," he continued, "this story of Andy Johnson and General Buell, which interested me intensely. Colonel Moody was in Nashville the day that it was reported that Buell had decided to evacuate the city. The rebels strongly reinforced were said to be within two days' march of the capital.

Of course the city was greatly excited. Said Moody, 'I went in search of Johnson at the edge of the evening, and found him at his office, closeted with two gentlemen, who were walking the floor with him, one on each side. As I entered they retired, leaving me alone with Johnson, who came up to me manifesting intense feeling and said, 'Moody, we are sold out! Buell is a traitor! He is going to evacuate the city, and in forty-eight hours we shall all be in the hands of the rebels.' Then he commenced pacing the floor again, twisting his hands, and chafing, like a caged tiger, utterly insensible to his friends' entreaties to become calm. Suddenly he turned and said, 'Moody, can you pray?' 'That is my business, sir, as a minister of the gospel,' returned the Colonel. 'Well, Moody, I wish you would pray,' said Johnson; and instantly both went down upon their knees at opposite sides of the room.

As the prayer became fervent, Johnson began to respond in true Methodist style. Presently he crawled over on his hands and knees to Moody's side, and put his arm over him, manifesting the deepest emotion. Closing the prayer with a hearty 'Amen!' from each, they arose. Johnson took a long breath, and said with emphasis, 'Moody, I feel better!' Shortly afterward he asked, 'Will you stand by me?' 'Certainly I will,' was the answer. 'Well, Moody, I can depend upon you; you are one in a hundred thousand!' He then commenced pacing the floor again. Suddenly he wheeled, the current of his thought having changed, and said, 'Oh! Moody, I don't want you to think I have become a religious man because I asked you to pray. I am sorry to say it, but I am not, and have never pretended to be religious. No one knows this better than you; but, Moody, there is one thing about it—I do believe in ALMIGHTY GOD! And I believe also in the BIBLE, and I say I'll be damned if Nashville shall be surrendered!'

And Nashville was not surrendered!

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.—It is well understood that Christmas was the grand holiday of the slaves on the southern plantations. In some parts of the South, the colored people have this year, 1863, celebrated it with unusual zest. A correspondent writes home about one celebration by the soldiers of the Ninth Louisiana Regiment, corps d'Afrique, and tells how they met and gave expression to their feelings, on Christmas day—their first free Christmas. After prayer, and speeches were in order, one man, says the correspondent, spoke about as follows:

"Fellow Soldiers of the Senek Regiment: I is mighty glad to enjoy dis portunity for enjoying dis fust free Christmas in dis world what we live in. A year ago, where was we? We was down in de dark land of slavery. And now where are we? We are free men, and soldiers of the United States. And what have we to do? We have to fight de rebels so dat we never more be slaves. When de day of battle come what will we do? I speak for me, and I say for myself, I go and fight de rebels, till de last man die. Yes, under de flags what was presented to us from New York, we fight till de last man die; and if I be de last man, what will I do? I hold up de flags, and if I die, den I go to my grave consided for doing my duty. De President of de United States is one great man what has done more good dan any oder man what ever was borned. I bless de Lord we fight for so good Commander. I have no more to say now and evermore — Amen."

French Review p. 22

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO THE LOYAL WOMEN OF AMERICA. — At the close of the Patent Office Fair in Washington, Mr. Lincoln, in answer to loud and continuous calls, made the following remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I appear, to say but a word. This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldier. For it has been said, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit, then, is due to the soldier.

"In this extraordinary war extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these Fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents in these Fairs are the women of America.

"I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of woman were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America."

* This very remarkable poem was distributed on the first day of the year, 1863, by the carriers of the *Louisville Journal*. *Each issue p. 1 & 6*

President, or used that title of himself, except when acting in an official capacity. He always spoke of his position and office vaguely, as "this place," "here," or other modest phrases. Once, speaking of the room in the Capitol used by the Presidents of the United States during the close of a session of Congress, he said, "That room, you know, that they call"—dropping his voice and hesitating—"the President's room." To an intimate friend who addressed him always by his own proper title he said, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette—if you won't—and I shall have a resting spell from Mister Lincoln."

With all his simplicity and unacquaintance with courtly manners, his native dignity never forsook him in the presence of critical or polished strangers ; but mixed with his angularities and *bonhomie* was something which spoke the fine fibre of the man ; and, while his sovereign disregard of courtly conventionalities was somewhat ludicrous, his native sweetness and straightforwardness of manner served to disarm criticism, and impress the visitor that he was before a man pure, self-poised, collected, and strong in unconscious strength. Of him an accomplished foreigner, whose knowledge of the courts was more perfect than that of the English language, said, "He seems to me one grand *gentilhomme* in disguise."

Mr. Lincoln was once engaged in the trial of a suit involving the infringement of a patent water-wheel. In his earlier days he had aided in running a sawmill, and he explained in his argument, in a very clear and masterful manner, all the intricate points involved in the action of the water. After the jury retired he became quite anxious and uneasy. The jury were in another building, the windows of which opened on the street, and they had been out about two hours. As Lincoln was passing along the street one of the jurors, on whom he very much relied, as he was a very intelligent man and firm in his convictions, looked out of the window and held up one finger. Mr. Lincoln became very much excited, fearing that it indicated eleven of the jury against him. He knew that if this man was for him he never would yield his opinion, and added that it reminded him very much of another case in which he was involved, and if the two jurors were alike in their action his client was safe. He said that he had been employed to prosecute a suit for divorce. His client was a pretty, refined, and interesting little woman who was in court. The defendant, her husband, was a gross, moose, and uncomfortable man; but although Lincoln was able to prove the use of very offensive and vulgar epithets applied by the husband to his wife, and all sorts of annoyances, yet there were no such acts of personal violence as were required by the statutes to justify divorce. Lincoln did the best he could and appealed to the jury to have compassion for the woman and not to bind her to such a man and such a life as awaited her if required to live longer with him. The jury took about the same view of it in their deliberations. They were anxious to find for the woman, but there was no evidence to justify such a verdict. At last they drew up a verdict for the defendant and all signed but one fellow, who, on being approached, coolly said, "Gentlemen, I am going to lie down to sleep, and when you get ready to give a verdict for that little woman then wake me up and not until then; for before I will give a verdict against her I will lie here till I rot and the pismires carry me out through the keyhole."

"Now," observed Mr. Lincoln, "if that juryman would stick like the other fellow we are safe." Strange to relate, the jury did come in and bring a verdict for the defendant. 1882

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. —

"It was not our good fortune to know much, personally, of the late President," says the editor of the Lowell Citizen. "In fact, the only time we ever saw him was on the occasion of a business visit to Washington, in the last days of March, just before the fall of Richmond. Our special errand related to an unfinished matter already in his hands, and, a moment's attention to it being all that was required, we made our way to the White House, fully resolved not to be intrusive, nor to worry him with impertinent matters, of which he had already more than enough. Our card was passed in, and we awaited our chances in the anteroom, with a dozen corners, perhaps, among whom were recognized senators and members of the 'popular branch.' One of the latter, coming from the President's own State, gave us a hint that this waiting for 'an audience' was a decided uncertainty, often resulting in hope deferred. Our friend added that he had been himself waiting and watching for his chance nearly three weeks. His case was simply that of a widow's son, who had deserted, and who was therefore liable to be shot.

"The mother was half distracted with grief, and her petition for pardon was to be urged. Presently walked in, with nimble step, a middle-sized, well-built, stern-visaged man, with his budget of papers, and who, as if at home, was immediately ushered into the President's room. That was Secretary Stanton. The waiting gentlemen, who recognized the Secretary of War, here gave knowing winks of discouragement, as much as to say, 'It's an all-night business; Stanton has important despatches from the front.' But a half hour sufficed, and, when the Secretary passed out, the gray-haired messenger, whose open, pleasant Irish countenance has been familiar to callers at the White House since it was occupied by President Jackson, notified the gentlemen in waiting — the Illinois member was now, unluckily, not among them — that the President could now see them

all at once; and all were ushered in. This was our first and only view of Abraham Lincoln face to face. His countenance bore that open, benignant outline we had expected; but what struck us especially was its cheerful, wide-awake expressiveness, which we had never met with in the pictures of our beloved chief. The secret of this may have been that he had just been hearing good news from Grant — for such was the fact.

"But our chief purpose in this sketch is to describe, in brief, the hearing of the President in this short interview. After saluting his little circle of callers, they were seated, and attended to in turn. First in order was a citizen of Washington, praying for pardon in the case of a deserting soldier.

"Well," said the President, after carefully reading the paper, 'it is only natural for one to want pardon; but I must in such a case have a responsible name that I know. I don't know you. Do you live in the city?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know the Mayor?' 'Yes.' 'Well, bring me his name, and I'll let the boy off.' The soldier was pardoned.

"Next came a well-developed man of French accent, from New Orleans. He was evidently a diffident person, not knowing precisely how to state his case; but the burden of it was, that he was a real-estate holder in New Orleans, and since the advent of military rulers there, he could not collect his rents, which were his living. 'Your case, my friend,' said the President, 'may be a hard one, but it might have been worse. If, with your musket, you had taken your chance with our boys before Richmond, you might have found your bed before now. But the point is, what would you have me do for you? I have much to do, and the courts have been opened to relieve me in this regard.' The applicant, still embarrassed, said, 'I am not in the habit of appearing before big men.' 'And for that matter,' it was quickly responded, 'you have no need to change your habit, for you are not before very big men now;' playfully adding, 'I can't go into the collection business.' The New Orleans man was finally satisfied that a President cannot do everything that ought to be done to redress individual grievances. These instances, though not specially remarkable in themselves, serve to set off in a strong light those traits of character which shed such a radiance over the life of Mr. Lincoln. He studied intently the grievances of the humblest. There was no appearance of affected dignity on account of the high post which he filled. He had a fellow-feeling for his countrymen — a love for justice — above all, a true fear of God — a sacred regard for the rights of all. These were our first-sight impressions of Abraham Lincoln. They are likely to be lasting."

Responsibility

FRANKLIN W. SMITH, a Boston contractor, was tried by court-martial, and found guilty of pocketing a thousand or two dollars out of a contract with the Navy department for supplies. The report of the court-martial was sent to President Lincoln for his examination, who returned it with this characteristic indorsement:

"Whereas, Franklin W. Smith, had transactions with the United States Navy Department to a million and a quarter of dollars, and had the chance to steal a quarter of a million; and whereas, he was charged with stealing only ten thousand dollars, and from the final revision of the testimony it is only claimed that he stole one hundred dollars, I don't believe he stole anything at all.

"Therefore, the records of the court-martial, together with the finding and sentence, are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendant is fully discharged.

A. LINCOLN."

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READING IN THE ARMY. — George H. Stuart, the President of the Christian Commission, in a speech at the anniversary of that noble institution related the following interesting incident: "There is a very large distribution of reading matter. The question sometimes arises, 'Is it all read?' You cannot, my friends, have any conception of the avidity with which these publications are received and read, and treasured up. Thousands of them are sent back, after being well worn, to their homes, the soldier writing his name upon them, thus marking them with the evidence of his value of the possession. I have visited many of the hospitals, and some of the camps, and distributed many of these religious books, and I can testify that from the beginning until now I have never met a man who refused my books, save only one, and he was from my own city of Philadelphia. I do not believe it being conquered. I do not give up anything if it is practicable, and can be effected. But here was a case for me. The man told me that he was an infidel, that he did not believe in my books, that he did not need them. Said he, 'I am from Philadelphia; I live at such a number Callowhill Street; if you will go there you will find out my character, and that I am as good a man as you are.' 'I trust a great deal better,' said I. But the case did seem a difficult one. 'Stuart,' said a friend to whom I related the incident, 'you are beaten for once.' 'No,' I replied, 'I am not done with that man yet.' I approached him a short time afterwards, and he said to me, 'What is the book you wanted to give me?' It was a selection from the Scriptures called Cromwell's Bible. 'O,' said he, 'I don't want your Bible; I've no need of it; I'm a good enough man without it;' and with a motion of supreme indifference he turned his head. Said I, 'My friend, I'm from Philadelphia, too; I know where you live, can find the exact house. On next Sunday evening, if God spares my life, I expect to speak for the Christian Commission in the Church of the Epiphany.' He looked at me with an inquisitive air—'And what are you going to say?' 'I am going to tell the people that I had been distributing tracts all day all through the hospitals and camps I had visited, and that I found but one man who refused to take them, and he was from Philadelphia.' 'Well, what more are you going to say?' the man asked with a steady gaze, apparently defying my attempts to move him. 'Well, I'll tell them that I commenced my tract distribution this morning at the White House, in Washington, and the first gentleman I offered one of these little books to was one Abraham Lincoln; that he rose from his chair, read the title,

expressed great pleasure in receiving it, and promised to read it; but that I came to one of his cooks, here in these quarters, and he was so exceedingly good that he didn't need a copy of the Word of God, and wouldn't have one!' 'Well,' said the man, completely conquered, 'if the President can take one I suppose I can,' as he reached out his hand and received it."

Lincoln's Ability As Dancer Told In Old Anecdote

It was quite the fashion for the young people of Springfield to go to dances in the neighboring towns of Jacksonville and Rochester in the days before the Civil war. "Mrs. Charles Ridgely," said the late Caroline Brown, "told me of a dance in the former place, held in the old Mansion house at which both Mr. Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas devoted themselves to the lively, interesting Mary Todd. The invitations read 'Dancing at early candle light.' Lizzie Todd (the mother of John Grimsley) was here with her fiance, Harry Grimsley, and Miss Eliza Barret, who, after her widowhood, be-

came Mrs. Pascal Enos.

"Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas danced repeatedly with the pretty Kentucky girl. Finally, Mr. Lincoln came up saying, 'Miss Mary, I want to dance with you the worst way.' After the dance was over the lady with more truth than politeness, said, 'Mr. Lincoln, I think you have literally fulfilled your request—you have danced the worst way possible.'"

When Lincoln Danced

NO ONE liked to tell stories more than Abraham Lincoln, particularly during his arduous years in the presidency. They helped relieve the tremendous strain of office. One of Mr. Lincoln's favorite yarns was about himself.

Lincoln made his first appearance in society when he was sent to



Springfield, Ill., as a member of the state legislature. It was not an imposing figure which he cut in a ball-room, but still he was occasionally to be found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife,

Miss Mary Todd was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned, one of her companions asked:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "the very worst."

Another Story They Say That Lincoln was
 Author Of. 10. L. 86

President Lincoln used to tell a good story, which he located at the War Department in Washington during the "last war with Great Britain," when General Armstrong was secretary. Armstrong was settling the accounts of an old gentleman from Vermont, who had been active in recruiting troops for the Niagara frontier. In the midst of the interesting inquiries of Armstrong a member from South Carolina came into the war office, and not being immediately noticed by the secretary his high southern spirit kindled into a blaze, and he addressed the secretary in a lofty tone of complaint, that South Carolina, whose patriotism was so conspicuous, was treated with indignity in thus being unnoticed, while a man from the north was allowed to engross the whole attention of the war department. Armstrong looked up with an air of curiosity, and shoving his spectacles upon his forehead, thus addressed the representative of South Carolina: "Sir, you have boasted of the zeal with which South Carolina has advocated the war. It is true, sir, South Carolina has talked much about it, and made many patriotic speeches on the occasion, but let me tell you, sir, this old man," pointing to the Vermonter, "has himself brought more soldiers into the field during the war than the whole state of South Carolina."

Stories of Lincoln

Mr. Lincoln's practical shrewdness is exemplified in the following anecdote, which is sufficiently characteristic:

In the parlours of the capital at Washington the story goes that, after the death of Chief Justice Taney and before the appointment of Mr. Chase in his stead, a committee of citizens from the Philadelphia Union League, with a distinguished journalist at their head as chairman, proceeded to Washington for the purpose of laying before the president the reason why, in their opinion, Mr. Chase should be appointed to the vacancy of the bench. They took with them a memorial addressed to the president, which was read to him by one of the committee. After listening to the memorial, the president said to them, in a deliberate manner: "Will you do me a favor to leave this paper with me? I want it in order that, if I appoint Mr. Chase, I may show the friends of the other persons for whom the office is solicited by how powerful an influence and by what strong personal recommendations the claims of Mr. Chase were supported."

The committee listened with great satisfaction, and were about to depart, thinking that Mr. Chase was sure of the appointment, when they perceived Mr. Lincoln had not finished what he intended to say. "And I want the paper, also," continued he, after a pause, "in order that, if I should appoint any other persons, I may show his friends how powerful an influence and what strong personal recommendation I was obliged to disregard in appointing him." The committee departed as wise as they came.

JOKE WAS ON THE TOWN.

Grand Demonstration for a Horse Named After President Lincoln.

One of the unwritten war stories is told by an old farmer of Michigan, who now has two sons in Cuba:—

"Long 'bout '63," he relates, "I was pretty deep in the stock business, for the war was makin' a good demand fur everything in that line. One of my deals was to buy a fine horse down in Indianey fur breedin' purposes. His owner, havin' a great admirin' for Honest Old Abe, give the horse that name. I made the dicker in March, and the horse was to be shipped soon's the weather moderated.

"Early one mornin' I got a telegraph statin' that 'Old Abe' would reach our place that afternoon. I went into town 'bout four o'clock and there was the darndest racket you ever see. The ban' was out tootin' to kill, the little ole brass cannon was mounted on the hind wheels of a wagon fur a gun carriage, people was dressed in their best clothes, the president of the village was rushin' round givin' orders, the flags was all out, no bus'ness was bein' done and the crowd at the station was stretchin' their necks to see the train, that wasn't due for more'n 'n hour.

"I heerd that the President of the United States was comin' and jined in with the sport till I happened to learn how the telegraph operator had give it out that 'Old Abe' was expected. Then I catched on to the mistake and give out the true story. The people was mad at first, then they laughed as though the whole town was crazy, and at last they wound up by holdin' somethin' atween a picnic and a war meetin'."—Detroit Free Press.

AN INCIDENT OF LINCOLN.

A Story of That Illustrious Man Showing the Humane Side of His Nature.

--Mr. J. B. Bates relates the following characteristic story of Abraham Lincoln which was told him some years ago by Mr. Gordon, a venerable and highly respected citizen of Logan county, since dead. It was back in the fifties, when Mr. Gordon was attending court at old Postville, then the county seat of Logan county. Mr. Lincoln, Judge Samuel L. Treat, Richard Yates and other prominent attorneys from Springfield and elsewhere in the circuit were present. It was late in the summer, or early autumn, and the weather was hot and the water at the Postville hotel was bad. Mr. Lincoln one morning at the hotel commented on the poor water and said, he would not mind it so much if he could only get watermelon to eat but he had not been able to find one in town. He expressed surprise that some of the settlers in that community did not think to provide the people with a substitute for drinking water at such a season by raising a patch of melons. Mr. Gordon, who was present, told Mr. Lincoln that he had himself a fine patch of watermelons at home and if Mr. Lincoln would drive out with him he could have all he could eat and as many as he could bring back with him. The suggestion pleased Mr. Lincoln and he mentioned it to the other lawyers and the judge who were at the hotel. The idea took and as Mr. Gordon extended the invitation to all they concluded to accept. There was an absent witness or a sick juror and the judge adjourned court for the day.

A few minutes later the judge and lawyers were loaded into four or five buggies and on their way to the Gordon homestead, some eighteen miles distant. The road led northeast, a good deal of the way across an open prairie. As they were driving merrily along they came to a pond through which the road led, and which was passable in dry weather, but around which there was a longer route for use in wet weather. On this occasion the pond was covered with water and mud and our company took the dry route around, but they discovered that some poor emigrant, going the other way, had been less discreet. Bound for the west with his wife and child and his earthly all in a wagon, with one yoke of oxen, he had taken the short cut and was mired down about midway of the pond. The poor fellow was out wading about in the mud and water and trying to urge his team on. But belabor and coax and threaten as he would, the oxen would not budge. The man's unfortunate predicament was commented on by our company but, like the Levite, they were proceeding to pass by on the other side when Mr. Lincoln, whose buggy was somewhat in the rear, called out: "Why, men, you are not going to leave the poor fellow in that fix, are you?" "What can we do for him?" came back the answer. "We can not go in there." "Well, I will do something for him," said Mr. Lincoln as he stopped his buggy and alighted. He proceeded at once to take off his coat and vest and then his shoes and stockings. He then rolled up his pants above his knees and started into the slough of despond towards the objects of his sympathy. His tall, lank, ungainly form, divested of hat, coat and vest, barefooted and with legs bare to the knees, presented a ludicrous spectacle, and shouts of laughter arose from the lawyers and court who were looking on. But Mr. Lincoln heeded it not, but waded on till he reached the wagon. He took the whip from the hand of the driver and told him to go around on the other side and when he gave the word to yell as he never did before, then, raised the yoke

After they were safely out Mr. Lincoln remarked to those present: "There is a poor maver on his way to the west to take up a home. If in the future I should ever happen his way in hunger and distress I have no doubt he would take me in and divide his last loaf with me." "Yes," said the wife who now poked her head out of the covered wagon, "God bless you, we would give it all to you." Mr. Lincoln washed the mud from his legs and feet, reinvested himself with his clothing and the party went on their way. There was a great feast of watermelons at Farmer Gordon's that day, but the incident, above all others, that made the trip memorable was the humane act of the man who was destined to undying fame as one of earth's greatest rulers toward a poor emigrant and his family.

The Nail Was Never Driven.

--On the 15th of April, 1865, the little building now used as an express room at the Illinois Central depot was in process of construction. When the news came that Lincoln had been assassinated the previous night, a carpenter was driving a nail into a piece of moulding over the window, and it had penetrated about one half its length. He left the job unfinished, and the nail remains as it was to this day. The man who started the job of nail-driving thirty years ago called attention to its unfinished condition yesterday.

--A minister of the Gospel once approached President Lincoln for an office, and was told that he could give him no better office than he had already held.

An Illinois "Hired Man"

In the autumn of 1830, a traveling book peddler, who afterwards became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well known in the United States today, came to the door of a log cabin on a farm in eastern Illinois, and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging, says the Northwestern Christian Advocate. There was no inn near. The good wife was hospitable but perplexed. "For," said she, "we can feed your beast, but we can't lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man." "Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler. The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass reading a book. "He'll do," said the stranger. "A man who reads a book as hard as that fellow seems to, has got too much else to think of besides my watch or my small change." The hired man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was President the two men met in Washington and laughed together over their earlier experience.

Up The Chimney They Went In Smoke; Lincoln Felt Happier

Lincoln muttered: "There they go, good riddance!"

THERE are many beautiful stories told about Abraham Lincoln to show his kind heart and sympathetic nature, but perhaps the best one is the story that Robert Lincoln, son of the great Lincoln, liked to tell most.

It was during the Civil War one morning, that Robert was with his father in his Cabinet when the Secretary of State, Stanton, was announced. Lincoln looked up from his desk and asked, "Well, Stanton, what can I do for you?"

The Secretary seemed surprised that the President didn't know for what he came, so he promptly said: "The papers, sir, I've come for the papers that I gave you to sign yesterday."

The President was confused as he answered: "The fact is, Stanton, that I have not yet signed them."

"Well, Mr. President, I'll take those I left with you the day before."

Lincoln cleared his throat as he answered, "They are not ready either."

Again the Secretary gently remonstrated, "But you have had some in your possession for over a week, and I'll wait until you put your name to them." Seeing the President about to answer he quickly said, "The whole batch won't take you a half hour to sign. I am only asking a trifle of you, and by delaying, you are hindering the affairs of state."

"A trifle?" and Lincoln turned a care-worn face toward Stanton. "Man, do you know what these papers are?"

"Of course, I do, they are death warrants."

"And you call signing a death warrant a trifle?"

"But, Mr. President, by not signing them you are clogging the wheels of Government. You must sign them!"

Lincoln still hesitated, and with his hands clasped behind him he strode back and forth in his room. Suddenly an idea struck him; his face cleared and before the others knew what he was about, he picked up the death warrants and with a sweep of his arm threw them all into the fire which burnt on the hearth.

Up the chimney they went in smoke, and as the room was lit with the blaze, Lincoln muttered, "There they go, good riddance!"

To Stanton he said, "I couldn't help it, I really couldn't sign them. It is too beautiful a day to send so many souls into eternity. I don't believe the wheels of government will be blocked. Come now, let's take a



Abraham Lincoln.

walk down the avenue," and linking his arm in his secretary's, he left the room a happier man than he had been for a long time."

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A caller upon the President on New Year's Day, 1864 said:

"I hope, Mr President, one year from today I may have the pleasure of congratulating you on three events which now seem probable."

"What are they?" inquired he.

"First, that the Rebellion may be entirely crushed; second, that the constitutional amendment abolishing and prohibiting slavery may have been adopted; third, and that Abraham Lincoln may have been elected President."

"I think," replied he, with a smile, "I would be glad to accept the first two as a compromise." *for*

THE PRESIDENT'S

OBEYING ORDERS

The President was at the battle of Fort Stevens, and standing in a very exposed position, he apparently had been recognized by the enemy. A young colonel of artillery, who appeared to be the officer of the day, finally decided to insist on the President removing to a safer location.

He walked to where the President was looking over the parapet, and said, "Mr. President, you are standing within range of four hundred rebel rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men, and make you."

"And you would do quite right, my boy!" said the President, coming down at once. "You are in command of the fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience!"

LISTEN TO LINCOLN

President Lincoln said to the General Conference on May 18th, 1864:

“NOBLY sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet without this it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church! bless all the churches! and blessed be God! who in this, our great trial, giveth us the churches!”



Lincoln Letter Shows Mercy To Rebel Soldier at Yule

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 12 (UP)—The story of how Abraham Lincoln granted the request of a war prisoner and sent him home for Christmas was told today in a previously unpublished letter.

A Confederate soldier held prisoner at Fort Delaware wrote to Lincoln as a "last chance" and asked to be allowed to spend Christmas of 1864 with his wife and three children.

The letter, signed by T. M. Coombs, was obtained by King V. Hostick, Springfield, an amateur Lincoln collector. The letter has

been verified as authentic by the Abraham Lincoln Association.

It was addressed to the "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President," and said in part:

"Letters sent to official Washington probably will meet with little attention, especially from a lowly soldier. Your persons in Washington are always engaged in business of more importance than the release of a prisoner whom you do not even know. However, I am pleading with you to allow me to take the oath of allegiance and be discharged so that I can spend Christmas with my wife and three children.

"I am writing this to you as a last chance."

Across the back of the letter, Lincoln scrawled:

"Let this man take the oath of Dec. 3, 1863, and thereupon be discharged so that he may be home for Christmas. A. Lincoln."

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ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN.

Played Cupid for Soldier—Tailor Tells of Inaugural Suit.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—Lincoln week celebration here is bringing to light anecdotes and glimpses of the great President's character which are said never before to have been made public. Charles G. Neely, an attorney, tells a story which, he says, was given to him by O. W. Wall, of Mulberry Grove, Ill.

"Wall," says Mr. Neely, "enlisted early in the war, and while at the front wrote letters to his sweetheart, Elizabeth Jones, who also lived in Mulberry Grove. There was another Elizabeth Jones in that town, and, according to Mr. Wall, the Elizabeth Jones to whom he was not engaged got all the other Elizabeth's letters.

"This was rather embarrassing to the soldier, and he tried by every means to get the letters to the proper girl. He even put her father's name on the envelopes with the girl's, but still the wrong Elizabeth read the right Elizabeth's letters.

"Finally the exasperated boy resolved to write to the President himself, explaining the difficulty. By the next mail the President's reply came, couched in terms somewhat as follows:

"I am very sorry. Who do you want for postmaster at Mulberry Grove, Bond County, Ill.?"

"A. LINCOLN."

"To this the soldier-lover responded, recommending a crippled cobbler. Within a few days the change took place, the mail was delivered to the right Elizabeth Jones, and by his warm-hearted action Abraham Lincoln was a great factor in bringing about the Wall-Jones wedding, which took place soon after the war."

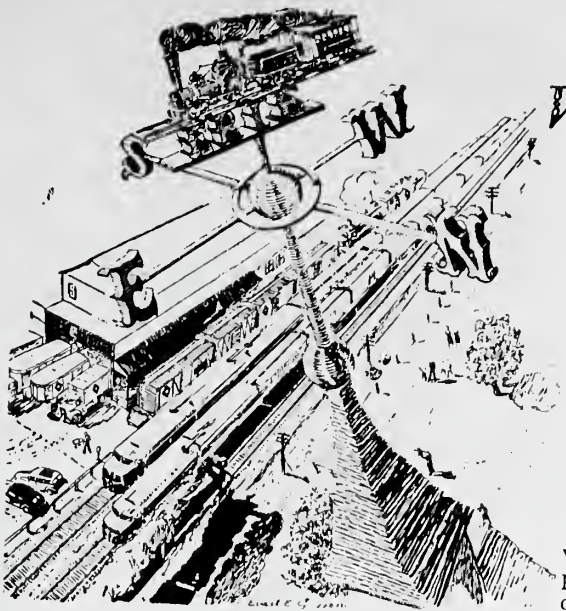
The tailor who made the suit of clothes in which Lincoln took the oath of office has been found in Chicago. He is Daniel Roth.

"In 1861 I had charge of the establishment of A. T. Titworth," said Mr. Roth to-day. "One day in February, 1861, the whole force was surprised to see a man of almost giant stature enter the shop. Mr. Titworth rushed forward to meet him, saying, 'Well, have you come to be measured, Mr. Lincoln?' and then we all knew that the future President was among us.

"There was a lot of flurry in that shop for the next three-quarters of an hour, although Lincoln took no part in it. He had come to negotiate for a suit, one of those swallow-tailed garments which all citizens then wore under high hats when on parade. The goods were finally chosen from a bolt of black broadcloth, the price to be about \$75 or \$80.

"All the time he was there he kept up a running fire of conversation. When it was all finished he impressed on Mr. Titworth the importance of having the suit ready in time, wished us a pleasant goodby, and went out."

LINCOLN DAY RESOLUTION HELD UP.



WAY BACK WHEN—

The Old Chalked Hat

"MY OPPONENT avers that his client has a soul. This is possible, but from the way he has testified in this case in hope of gaining a few dollars, he would sell his little soul very cheaply. He calls my client a soulless corporation. But my client is merely a conventional name for thousands of widows and orphans whose husbands' and parents' hard earnings are represented by this corporation, and who possess souls which they would not swear away as this plaintiff has done for a hundred times as much as is at stake here."

That was young railroad lawyer Abraham Lincoln speaking. Young, although he had just returned to Illinois after serving two terms in Congress in Washington. The year was 1849 and he was arguing a case for the Illinois Central. His opponent had claimed his client was a flesh-and-blood man while Lincoln's was a soulless corporation.

Railsplitter & Railroader

Lincoln was carried on the railroad's books as an employee although he was paid by fee rather than by salary.

He was not averse to passes, and when they did not come through promptly, he would write to the various companies and jog their memories. One such letter, couched in characteristic Lincolnian phraseology, has been preserved. It says:

Dear Sir:

Says Tom to John: Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it, usin' on it. I wish you would mend it, 'cause I shall want to borrow it this afternoon.

Acting on this as a precedent, I say: Here's your old chalked hat. I wish you would take it, and send me a new one, 'cause I shall want to use it by the first of March.

Yours truly,
A. Lincoln

This request for renewal of a pass, couched in the railroad parlance of the day, would be little understood now. The fortunate possessor of an annual pass would say to the conductor going through the train, "I have a chalked hat," referring to the practice of the conductors of placing a white ticket in the hat band of the deadheads.

One story about Lincoln's connection with the railroads has to do with the offer he received from the New York Central to serve as its general counsel at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Mr. Corning, then president of the

railroad, had heard Lincoln's speech at Cooper Union in New York, and was deeply impressed (It is definitely known that on the Cooper Union trip which is the one first credited with turning the national spotlight upon him, Mr. Lincoln traveled in both directions between the Great Lakes and New York City on the Erie). The next day Corning hurried down to the Astor House at Broadway and Vesey Street and said to one of the members of Mr. Lincoln's party:

A Business Call

"I want to see Mr. Lincoln on business. Can I get to him?"

"He's the easiest man in the world to see," replied the politician.

After the introduction the railroad president opened the subject. "Would you accept an offer from the New York Central," said Mr. Corning abruptly, "to become its general counsel at a salary of \$10,000 a year?"

"Why, Mr. Corning," he said at last, "what would I do with \$10,000 a year? It would ruin my family to have that much income. I don't believe that I had better consider it."

A fortnight later, back in Illinois, he wrote a letter to Mr. Corning, answering with a final negative.

Imagine how differently our history books might have read if Lincoln had accepted this offer, turning his back on politics and devoting his entire energies to railroad law.



LINCOLN & SOME OF HIS GENERALS

Courtesy of the National Archives

Very rare, non-studio Lincoln photo. George B. McClellan (sixth from left) became A. & G. W. president

Sees Lincoln as Henpecked Man; How He Got Goat's Goat

Several anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln, heretofore unpublished, are contained in Carl Sandburg's new biography of the Civil War President. Here are some of them:

Lincoln was captivated by the brilliance and the dash of Mary Todd, but their married life revealed Lincoln in the role of the henpecked husband. Mr. Sandburg makes it appear that Lincoln was obliged to call all his infinite patience into play to calm her when she was in one of her moods. Sometimes he laughed at her, sometimes he spoke quietly, doing his best to smooth over the differences that arose.

How Chess Game Was Broken Up.

Mr. Sandburg tells you that on one occasion, when he was playing chess with Judge Treat, Mrs. Lincoln sent one of the boys twice to call Lincoln to dinner without avail. The third time the boy stood where he could get foot action and kicked the chess-board and all the men into the air. Judge Treat was aghast. Lincoln merely smiled one of his patient smiles and remarked, "I reckon we'll have to finish this game some other time."

Wife Intrudes on Solitudes.

He had periods when he wished to be let alone and on these solitudes his wife was constantly intruding. When he was deep in thought she would burst in on him with a request that he go on some trifling errand or she would surprise and shock some friend of his by thrusting her head in at the door and crying out that she was a neglected wife.

No anecdote in the book portrays his intense human side more strikingly than that of the gingerbread men. Asked why he had so little of the companionship of women and

whether he had no pleasure in their society he replied:

"When we lived in Indiana once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and ginger and make gingerbread. It wasn't often and it was our biggest treat. One day I smelled the gingerbread and came into the house to get my share while it was still hot. My mother had baked me three gingerbread men. I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them. There was a family near us poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down. 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme a man.'

"I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth in two bites and looked at me while I was biting the legs off my first one. 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n.' I wanted it myself but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first I said to him, 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he said, 'I don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do and gets less'n I do.'"

Encounter With Goat.

One of the most amusing stories in the book concerns his encounter with a goat which some boys had been teasing. Sunk in thought, his hands clasped behind him, he was striding along the street when the goat made for him. Grasping it by the horns and holding on he dropped down so that his face was close to the goat's and drawled:

"Now-there-Isn't-any-good-reason-why-you-should-want-to-harm-me; and-there-Isn't-any-good-reason-why-I-should-want-to-harm-you. If-you-behave-yourself-as-you-ought-to,-we'll-get-along-without-any-cross-word-or-action-and-we'll-live-in-peace-and-harmony-like-good-neighbors."

Then he dropped the goat over a fence.

Lincoln Wore Black And Gave Brief Speech

Slavery—it was not an insurmountable issue.

The Evening Chronicle of February 13, 1861, described Abe Lincoln on his visit to Pittsburgh as follows:

"He wore a black dress suit, rather fashionably made, with a large turndown collar and black tie. A judiciously cultivated beard and whiskers hides the hollowness of his jaws, to some extent, and takes away the prominence of the cheek bones, given him in engravings."

When the thousands refused to leave before he spoke, the paper reported, he spoke briefly. He said he did not understand the tariff well enough to discuss it.

"He alluded to disturbed condition of the South by pointing across the Monongahela and saying:

"Now the trouble across the river there is no crisis, but an artificial one."

The cannon on Seminary and Boyd Hills boomed him a welcome. He, his wife and three children stayed overnight at the Monongahela House.

There, in 1862, an explosion occurred. When the Chronicle had finished telling the story, 74, mostly women, were dead.

The first 20-inch guns were cast in the Fort Pitt foundry in '63, and in '64, they gave the Union Army some 28-inch guns. In that year, Andrew Carnegie, who had come from Scotland in the late forties, began to throw his shadow before him. He built the Cyclops mill.

From '61 on, every day, there were dispatches from the war front. The panorama was there, in paragraphs. There was Fort Sumter, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Memphis, Richmond. Well, there was some unusual excitement before Gettysburg. Pittsburgh began to prepare in case the city was besieged. The Confederates were in Pennsylvania, and Pittsburgh was the Union arsenal—the mechanical heart of the cause.

But Gettysburg passed, and Pittsburgh went back to sending troops, guns, ships and money. Lee had surrendered and still Sherman marched.

And Among the Obits: President Lincoln Dead

There was a steady stream of corteges to Allegheny and St. Mary's cemeteries.

And one day, five solid columns, in small type, listed the Chronicle, folks who had died in one year in Andersonville (Ga.), prison camp. Before the type was dry, the Chronicle had to insert the one column headline . . . In deep black, "President Lincoln Dead."

Then came the story of his assassination. For three days the Chronicle was in mourning, every column boxed in deep black lines.

When Lincoln's death car came through, with its two coffins, the President's at one end and his son's in the other, Pittsburgh shut down every business, every activity.

Columns were written about the

assassins for the next year. Gen. Grant came for a visit, the Pennsylvania's Union Station opened, the Monongahela incline got a charter, George Westinghouse invented the airbrake, and before the Chronicle realized it, it was 1870 and Pittsburgh had a population of 86,000.

The Edgar Thomson steel mill arose, and the first Bessemer process was installed to make steel. The industrial and mechanical world was slowly getting a foothold.

Railroad Strikes Flare, Expo Building Burns

Lincoln's Far-Sightedness.

That Abraham Lincoln was a man of great vision and read the future of his country more accurately than any man of his time—perhaps of any time—is testified by several incidents related in J. W. Starr's remarkable document, "Lincoln's Last Day" (Stokes). During a conversation with Speaker Colfax, who was leaving for the mining regions of the West, Lincoln gave this message: "Tell the miners for me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation and we shall prove in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world." On this day Lincoln also discussed the Panama canal project as an important next step.

1923

AS A LAWYER

The terms of his partnership with Judge Logan are not known, but it is fair to assume that his share was a very small one, for the Judge was a very thrifty man and not given to generosity. And even after his marriage to Mary Todd, in 1842, Lincoln declined an invitation to Kentucky, saying "that he was so poor and made so little headway that he dropped back in a month of idleness as much as he gained in a year's sowing." *work by work 11/14 32*

While walking along a dusty road in Illinois in his circuit days Lincoln was overtaken by a stranger driving to town. "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" asked Lincoln. "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily. I intend to remain in it," was Lincoln's prompt reply.

12/3/32

At one o'clock, on a night after Lincoln had been away for a week, his Springfield neighbor heard the sound of an ax. Looking out of his window, he saw Lincoln in the moonlight chopping wood for his solitary supper. // 26/32

A young lawyer once asked Mr. Lincoln if the county seat of Logan county was named after him. "Well, it was named after I was," he gravely replied.

Lincoln Gave \$20 Gold Coin For Girl's Comment on Legs

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 12.—A relic of Abraham Lincoln owned by C. J. McKenna of this city is a \$20 gold coin framed in a cross of silver presented in 1861 by Mr. Lincoln to McKenna's mother, then 7 years old, because she had told the President he had "the longest legs I ever saw."

It was in 1861 that Capt. Ford, McKenna's grandfather, was censured by Mr. Lincoln for severe methods he had employed in quelling riots in Baltimore. Capt. Ford took his young daughter, Sarah, with him when he called on the President to explain. Mr. Lincoln during the conference held Sarah on his knees and it was then she peered into his face, then at his feet, then remarked: "You've got the longest legs I ever saw."

Lincoln laughed and before Capt. Ford and the child departed said to Sarah: "You're a brave little girl."

The silver cross bears the inscription, "Presented to Sarah C. Ford by Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States."

In 1858, Jesse W. Fell of Normal, Ill., interviewed Lincoln with the view of booming him for the presidency and Lincoln replied:

Fell, I admit the force of much that you say, and admit that I am ambitious, and would like to be President. I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me, and the interest you manifest in the matter; but there is no such good luck in store for me as the presidency of these United States; besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and as Judge Davis says "It won't pay." Good night.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING
SECRETARY

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN

Lincoln.—Ordinary men seem to need some title or prefix or suffix to identify them. A few men do not; such men as Roosevelt and Wilson do not. Outstanding in such a group, and overshadowing all, is the immortal Lincoln. Familiar to multitudes around the world, he is known and loved in America by all, down to the first graders in our primary schools. When his name is mentioned, no title is needed to tell us who is meant; no classic degree needed to do him honor. "Now, he belongs to the ages"; he belongs to all classes, to all people. "Looked down upon, despised and ridiculed by many in his day, he looms larger with the passing years, and now overtops all of the men of his day in all lands. His singleness of purpose, his loftiness of aim, his far-reaching foresight, his almost uncanny insight into men and events, his sound common sense, raised him above the men of his time and made him master of the situation." Even in that day, senators lectured and sought to frustrate the President. But Lincoln serenely persisted on in the course mapped out through his convictions. His many-sidedness and depth of nature are illustrated by the numberless stories and anecdotes told by and of him. A colored messenger returned from Secretary of War Stanton with an unsigned war paper and with the information that the President was a — fool to think he would sign it. "He may be right about that," Lincoln observed, "but I will go over and see him." The President showed Mr. Stanton the paper with the mild suggestion that he sign it, and then waited for a long time, it is said, with his long legs out over the end of a settee on which he half reclined. He then got up, put his finger on the paper and said in a stern and significant voice, "Stanton, you sign there." The secretary signed. Yes, Lincoln knew how to be patient and kind and how to wait. He also knew how to speak in a way that could not be misunderstood or disregarded. In the magnificent memorial at Washington, he impressively and calmly looks down from his colossal chair "upon the people and out on the ages, and in his eyes still lingers the strange, sad

melancholy that was deeply ingrained in his nature."

HOW LINCOLN DRANK A TOAST

Lincoln would be in the forefront of the warfare on the liquor traffic. He promised his mother when a little boy that he would never touch intoxicants, and he kept that vow sacredly to the day of his death. He told one of his most intimate friends that a drop of liquor had never passed down his throat and that he did not know what the various kinds of drink tasted like. Few addresses can be found more eloquent than some of his temperance lectures. His friends in Springfield knew he never kept drink at his house and sent over a box of liquors for the reception of the committee of the Republican party who were to notify him of his nomination for the presidency the first time. Looking at his wife and calling her "Mother," as he always did, he said: "We have never used or served such drinks and will not begin now," and sent the box back. And it is a matter of history that this moral giant had the courage officially to drink to the health of the party and the nation in cold sparkling water from the well, making a beautiful tribute to it as he proposed the toast.—*The Christian Herald*.

**A CASE WHERE LINCOLN THOUGHT
SHOOTING WOULD DO
NO GOOD**

The Hon. Mr. Kellogg, representative from Essex County, N. Y., received a dispatch one evening from the army to the effect that a young townsman who had been induced to enlist through his instrumentality had, for a serious demeanor, been convicted by a court martial and was to be shot the next day. Greatly agitated, Mr. Kellogg went to the Secretary of War and urged, in the strongest manner, a reprieve. Stanton was inexorable.

"Too many cases of this kind have been let off," said he, "and it was time an example was made."

"Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be shot, of that I give you fair warning!"

Leaving the War Department, he went directly to the White House, although the hour was late. The sentinel on duty told him that special orders had been given to admit no one whatever that night.

After a long parley, by pledging himself to assume the responsibility of the act, the Congressman passed in. Mr. Lincoln had retired, but indifferent to etiquette or ceremony, Judge Kellogg pressed his way through all obstacles to his sleeping apartment. In an excited manner he stated that the dispatch announcing the hour of execution had just reached him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine; I can't allow him to be shot!"

Mr. Lincoln had remained in bed, quietly listening to the protestations of his old friend (they were in Congress together). He at length said:

"Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen."

And so saying, "red tape" was uncere-
moniously cut, and another poor fellow's
life was indefinitely extended.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week by Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

"HONEST ABE" AS VILLAGE
POSTMASTER

Mr. Lincoln was appointed postmaster by President Jackson. The office was too insignificant to be considered politically, and it was given to the young man because everybody liked him, and because he was the only man who was willing to take it who could make out the returns. He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment, because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted before, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, as it yielded him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a post-office of his hat. Whenever he went out the letters were placed in his hat. When an anxious looker for a letter found the postmaster, he had found his office; and the public officer, taking off his hat, looked over his mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued, or removed to Petersburg.

One of the most beautiful exhibitions of Mr. Lincoln's rigid honesty occurred in connection with the settlement of his accounts with the post-office department, several years afterward.

It was after he had become a lawyer, and had been a legislator. He had passed through a period of great poverty, had acquired his education in the law in the midst of many perplexities, inconveniences, and hardships, and had met with temptations such as few men could resist, to make a temporary use of money he might have in his hands. One day, seated in the law office of his partner, the agent of the post-office department entered, and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was within. Mr. Lincoln responded to his name, and was informed that the agent had called to collect the balance due the department since the discontinuance of the New Salem office. A shade of perplexity passed over Mr. Lincoln's face, which did not escape the notice of friends present. One of them said at once:

"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you."

He made no reply, but suddenly rose, and pulled out from a pile of books a

little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much the amount of his debt was. The sum was named, and then Mr. Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum, amounting to something more than seventeen dollars. After the agent had left the room, he remarked quietly that he had never used any man's money but his own. Although this sum had been in his hands during all these years, he had never regarded it as available, even for any temporary use of his own.

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LINCOLN DEFENDS THE SON OF AN OLD FRIEND INDICTED FOR MURDER

Jack Armstrong, the leader of the "Clary Grove Boys," with whom Lincoln early in life had a scuffle which "Jack" agreed to call "a drawn battle," in consequence of his own foul play afterward became a life-long, warm friend of Mr. Lincoln. Later in life the rising lawyer would stop at Jack's cabin home, and here Mrs. Armstrong, a most womanly person, learned to respect Mr. Lincoln. There was no service to which she did not make her guest abundantly welcome, and he never ceased to feel the tenderest gratitude for her kindness.

At length her husband died, and she became dependent upon her sons. The oldest of these, while in attendance upon a camp meeting, found himself involved in a melee, which resulted in the death of a young man, and young Armstrong was charged by one of his associates with striking the fatal blow. He was examined, and imprisoned to await his trial. The public mind was in a blaze of excitement, and interested persons fed the flame.

Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of the merits of this case, that is certain. He only knew that his old friend, Mr. Armstrong, was in sore trouble; and he sat down at once, and volunteered by letter to defend her son. His first act was to secure the postponement, and a change of the place of trial. There was too much fever in the minds of the immediate public to permit of fair treatment. When the trial came on, the case looked very hopeless to all but Mr. Lincoln, who had assured himself that the young man was not guilty. The evidence on behalf of the State being all in, and looking like a solid and consistent mass of testimony against the prisoner, Mr. Lincoln undertook the task of analyzing it, and destroying it, which he did in a manner that surprised every one. The principal witness testified that "by the aid of the brightly shining moon he saw the prisoner inflict the death blow with a slung shot." Mr. Lincoln proved by the almanac that there was no moon shining at that time. The mass of testimony against the prisoner melted away, until "not guilty" was the verdict of

every man present in the crowded courtroom.

There is, of course, no record of the plea made on this occasion, but it is remembered as one in which Mr. Lincoln made an appeal to the sympathies of the jury, which quite surpassed his usual efforts of the kind, and melted all to tears. The jury were out but half an hour, when they returned with their verdict of "not guilty." The widow fainted in the arms of her son, who divided his attention between his services to her and his thanks to his deliverer. And thus the kind woman who cared for the poor young man, and showed herself a mother to him in his need, received the life of a son, saved from a cruel conspiracy, as her reward, from the hands of her grateful beneficiary.

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LINCOLN AS A LAWYER

Two things were essential to his success in managing a case. One was time; the other was a feeling of confidence in the justice of the cause he represented.

He used to say: "If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it." When asked why he went so far back, on a certain occasion, in legal history, when he should have presumed that the court knew enough history, he replied: "There's where you are mistaken. I dared not trust the case on the presumption that the court knew anything; in fact, I argued it on the presumption that the court did not know anything." A statement that may not be as extravagant as one would at first suppose.

When told by a friend that he should speak with more vim, and arouse the jury, talk faster and keep them awake, he replied: "Give me your little penknife with its short blade, and hand me that old jackknife lying on the table." Opening the blade of the penknife he said: "You see this blade on the point travels rapidly, but only through a small portion of space till it stops, while the long blade of the jackknife moves no faster but through a much greater space than the small one. Just so with the long-labored movements of the mind. I cannot emit ideas as rapidly as others because I am compelled by nature to speak slowly, but when I do throw off a thought it comes with some effort, it has force to cut its way and travels a greater distance." The above was said to his partner in their private office, and not said boastfully.

When Lincoln attacked meanness, fraud or vice, he was powerful, merciless in his castigation.

The following are Lincoln's notes for the argument of a case where an attempt was being made to defraud a soldier's widow, with her little babe, of her pension:

"No contract,—Not professional services,—Unreasonable charge,—Money retained by Def., not given by Pl'ff,—Rev-

olutionary War,—Describe Valley Forge privation,—Ice,—Soldiers' Bleeding Feet,—Pl'ff husband,—Soldier leaving home for army,—Skin Def't,—Close."

Judgment was made in her behalf, and no charges made.

The following reply was overheard in Lincoln's office, where he was in conversation with a man who appeared to have a case that Lincoln did not desire: "Yes," he said, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

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HOW LINCOLN BECAME A CAPTAIN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR

In the threatening aspect of the Black Hawk War, Governor Reynolds issued a call for volunteers, and among the companies that immediately responded was one from Menard County, Illinois. Many of the volunteers were from New Salem and Clary's Grove, and Lincoln being out of business, was first to enlist. The company being full, they held a meeting at Richland for the election of officers. Lincoln had won many hearts, and they told him that he must be their captain. It was an office that he did not aspire to, and one for which he felt that he had no special fitness; but he consented to be a candidate. There was but one other candidate for the office (a Mr. Kirkpatrick), and he was one of the most influential men of the County. Previously, Kirkpatrick had been an employer of Lincoln, and was so overbearing in his treatment of the young man that the latter left him.

The simple mode of their electing their captain, adopted by the company, was to go and stand with the one they preferred. Lincoln and his competitor took their positions, and then the word was given. At least three out of every four went to Lincoln at once. When it was seen by those who had arranged themselves with the other candidate that Lincoln was the choice of the majority of the company, they left their places, one by one, and came over to the successful side, until Lincoln's opponent in the friendly strife was left standing almost alone.

"I felt badly to see him cut so," says a witness of the scene.

Here was an opportunity for revenge. The humble laborer was his employer's captain, but the opportunity was never improved. Mr. Lincoln frequently confessed that no subsequent success of his life had given him half the satisfaction that this election did. He had achieved public recognition; and to one so humbly bred, the distinction was inexpressibly delightful.

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AN UNSUCCESSFUL VENTURE AS A MERCHANT IN NEW SALEM

It is interesting to recall the fact that at one time Mr. Lincoln seriously took into consideration the project of learning the blacksmith's trade. He was without means, and felt the immediate necessity of undertaking some business that would give him bread. It was while he was entertaining this project that an event occurred which in his undetermined state of mind seemed to open a way to success in another quarter.

A man named Reuben Radford, the keeper of a small store in the village of New Salem, had somehow incurred the displeasure of the Clary's Grove Boys, who had exercised their "regulating" derogatives by irregularly breaking his windows. William G. Greene, a friend of young Lincoln, riding by Radford's store soon afterward, was hailed by him, and told that he intended to sell out. Mr. Greene went into the store, and offered him at random four hundred dollars for his stock. The offer was immediately accepted.

Lincoln happening in the next day, and being familiar with the value of the goods, Mr. Greene proposed to him to take an inventory of the stock, and see what sort of a bargain he had made. This he did, and it was found that the goods were worth six hundred dollars. Lincoln then made him an offer of a hundred and twenty-five dollars for his bargain, with the proposition that he and a man named Berry, as his partner, should take his (Greene's) place in the notes given to Radford. Mr. Greene agreed to the arrangement, but Radford declined it, except on condition that Greene should be their security, and this he at last consented to.

Berry proved to be a dissipated, trifling man, and the business soon became a wreck. Mr. Greene was obliged to go in and help Mr. Lincoln close it up, and not only do this but pay Radford's notes. All that young Lincoln won from the store was some very valuable experience, and the burden of a debt to Greene which, in conversations with the latter, he always spoke of as the national debt. But this national debt, unlike the major-

ity of those which bear the title, was paid to the utmost farthing in after years.

Six years afterwards, Mr. Greene, who knew nothing of the law in such cases, and had not troubled himself to inquire about it, and who had in the meantime removed to Tennessee, received notice from Mr. Lincoln that he was ready to pay him what he paid for Berry — he (Lincoln) being legally bound to pay the liabilities of his partner.

AMONG the following anecdotes, all authenticated, although credit is not always given, are many which are taken from war time newspapers, pamphlets, and collections of Lincoln "jokes." The Rebellion Record and other contemporary publications bristle with matters of this sort. The fact that they haven't been rewritten accounts for the form and tense in which they are told:

The following anecdote of President Lincoln is told in a letter from Panama which appears in the London Athenæum. The writer is referring to the war between Chile and Spain. "I asked the Chilean admiral [who is an Englishman and came out with me] why the Chileans did not try to get the greatest of American republics to help them. He thought it was no use trying because a couple of years ago he was sent to Washington to get the permission of the government for the purchase and export of two vessels, at that time contraband of war.

President Lincoln received him with his usual affability, and while Seward was reading the Chilean state paper Abraham Lincoln said: "Admiral, I must tell you a little story. When a young man I was anxious to read a book which belonged to a neighbor of mine. 'Neighbor,' I asked, 'could you lend me this book?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'you can come here and read it whenever you like.' As the book was rather a bulky one I thought this was rather an odd way of lending it to me, but I let that pass. A short time afterwards he came to me. 'Lincoln,' he asked, 'can you lend me your bellows?' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'here they are; you can come here and blow away as much as you like.' And that is exactly the case now, admiral; you can come here and blow away as much as you like, but we cannot let you take the ships away."

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Lincoln found his way into the small room used as the postoffice of the house, where a few jovial raconteurs used to meet almost every morning after the mail had been distributed into the members' boxes to exchange such new stories as any of them might have acquired since they had last met. After modestly standing at the door for several days, Mr. Lincoln was "reminded" of a story, and by New Year's he was recognized as the champion story teller of the capitol. His favorite seat was at the left of the open fireplace, tilted back in his chair, with his long legs reaching over to the chimney jamb. He never told a story twice, but appeared to have an endless repertoire of them, always ready, like the successive charges in a magazine gun, and always pertinently adapted to some passing event.

I remember his narrating his first experience in drilling his company. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next inclosure.

"I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate, so, as we came near the gate, I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

When the laugh which the description of these novel tactics caused had subsided, Mr. Lincoln added:

"And I sometimes think here that gentlemen in yonder who get into a tight place in debate would like to dismiss the house until the next day and then take a fair start."

President Lincoln once said that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this:

Two Quakeresses were travelling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think,"

said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," the first replied, conclusively.

Some moral philosopher was telling the president one day about the undercurrent of public opinion. He went on to explain at length and drew an illustration from the Mediterranean sea. The current seemed curiously to flow in both from the Black sea and the Atlantic ocean, but a shrewd Yankee, by means of a contrivance of floats, had discovered that at the outlet into the Atlantic only about thirty feet of the surface water flowed inward, while there was a tremendous current under that flowing out. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, much bored, "that doesn't remind me of any story I ever heard of." The philosopher despaired of making a serious impression by his argument and left.

The story will be remembered perhaps of Mr. Lincoln's reply to a Springfield (Ill.) clergyman who asked him what was to be his policy on the slavery question.

"Well, your question is a cool one, but I will answer it by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher? And you know Fox river and its freshets? Well, once in the presence of Father B. a young Methodist was worrying about Fox river and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B. checked him in his gravest manner. Said he: 'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox river till I get to it.' 'And,' said the president, 'I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it.' A few days afterwards a Methodist minister called on the president, and on being presented to him said simply: 'Mr. President, I have come to tell you that I think we have got to Fox river.' Mr. Lincoln thanked the clergyman and laughed heartily."

—When Mr. Lincoln was President, he settled in a novel manner a dispute between two men, each of whom wished to be master at the same office. The contest had caused the President a good deal of annoyance. Petition after petition had poured in upon him, and delegation after delegation had rushed to Washington to urge the claims the rivals. Finally, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary: "This matter has got to stop somehow. Bring me a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh out the other candidate's papers." It was found that one bundle was heavier by three-quarters of a pound, than the other. "Make out the appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," said the President, and so the Gordian knot was cut. —1884.

nat. Tribune
Sept. 25, 1913.

The Flag Desecrated.

One of the most infamous desecrations of the Flag is that perpetrated by the suffragettes. They had a flag made with just four stars in the field blue and then they went to the Lincoln Statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and threw the flag over the chair from which Lincoln is supposed to have just risen, had it photographed and made into a postal card. They then put beneath the figure of Lincoln a quotation from one of his speeches in which he said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens,—by no means excluding women."

The making of a four-starred flag is an absolutely treasonable act, as it takes out of the Union of the Flag all but four suffragette States. It should be remembered that the stars stand "A Star for every State and a State for every Star." Then, too, the flag is thrown over a chair that one may sit on and its folds are trailing on the ground. The card is made attractive in colors and undoubtedly thousands of people have sent them broadcast thru the country. There is not a State in the Union which has a Flag Law that would not prohibit the passing of this card thru its mails, and somebody ought to tackle it.

A New Anecdote of Lincoln.

Editor National Tribune: A few years ago I passed a few days in the home of an old and prominent citizen, a banker, in one of the smaller cities of Illinois. Among other anecdotes of the early days he told me this:

During court sessions in Springfield, Ill., it was the custom for men of all political parties to gather there. It was just before the breaking out of the civil war, when political feeling ran high. The favorite name given to the Republicans by

their opponents was "Black Republicans." To the following he was a listener: He was stopping at the hotel frequented by the strong men of each party. Some one began chaffing Lincoln about his "black" principles, and some one suggested that if he had his choice between a Democrat and a nigger he would choose the nigger. Then they began to press the question upon him: "If there were two beds in the room and a Democrat in one and a nigger in the other, which would you sleep with?" Mr. Lincoln very slowly drew himself up in his seat and replied: "Which would I choose?" And the Democrats said immediately: "The nigger!" "No, gentlemen; I should take a chair and sit between the two all night!"—Henry Harrison Brown, Glenwood, Cal.

Tended Wounded Of Both Armies

The directive was sent to Union forces in the area, and undoubtedly saved the nuns from much unpleasantness in that turbulent border area. Lincoln appreciated what the nuns were doing to help alleviate the sufferings of wounded on both sides. He did not, therefore, consider it treason, as did some of his subordinates, when the Nazareth sisters went to tend Confederate sick and wounded.

One September evening in 1862 a company of 12 Confederate soldiers arrived at Nazareth and asked Mother Columba Carroll for sister-nurses to tend their wounded. The next morning, after Mass and Communion, six nuns set out on horseback with the 12 uniformed soldiers, traveling under a flag of truce.

The Nazareth nuns worked also in the huge hospitals at Owensboro and Calhoun after Shiloh with its horrible casualties. Sister Lucy Dosh, the "angel guardian of the fever ward" at Paducah, on her death received the honors of a military funeral.

When the Sisters of Mercy who staffed Douglas Hospital in Washington found themselves running dangerously low on supplies, they appealed to army authorities and were curtly refused. The spirited superior, Sister Bernardine Keefer, determined to see the President personally, and within an hour she and a companion were ushered into his office in the White House.

To Lincoln they unburdened their problems, and received an open letter which read: "To Whom It May Concern: On application of the Sisters of Mercy of the Military Hospital in Washington, furnish such supplies as they desire to purchase and charge it to the War Department. . . . Signed, Abraham Lincoln."

When the nun-nurses returned to the hospital with the welcome news the patients in the wards gave a rousing cheer for President Lincoln. "One cheer more," urged a youth from the South who sat in a wheel-chair, "one for our sister-nurses at the Douglas." The wards responded with great enthusiasm, and before the day ended the necessary supplies were delivered to the hospital.

Stayed at Posts In Epidemic

When an epidemic broke out in the Vincennes hospital the lives of the sisters were imperiled, both by the disease and by the delirious outbreaks of the feverish patients. The lay helpers fled, and the sisters had to take on themselves at night the extra burden of doing the laundry and cutting wood for the fires. After the war they opened St. John's Infirmary to care for the convalescent soldiers.

At Helena and Little Rock, Ark., Sisters of Mercy maintained hospitals that served the sick and wounded—now of the Union, now of the Confederacy, as shifting fortunes of war changed control of the territory.

The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Ky., served in hospitals at Louisville, Bardstown, Calhoun, and Paducah. They "went down to the battlefield in hospital boats and returned with men in sore need of nursing." They staffed a chain of hospitals throughout north, central, and east Kentucky.

President Abraham Lincoln must have had a special place in his heart for these sisters. In Kentucky today small log cabins mark two historic sites. The one at Hodgenville is the place where Lincoln was born in 1809; the cabin at Nazareth is the site where in 1812 Bishop Benedict J. Flaget founded the Sisters of Charity. Two native Kentucky girls served as foundresses: Miss Teresa Carrico and Miss Elizabeth Wells.

Bishop Martin J. Spalding offered the services of the Nazareth nuns to the President to serve the wounded almost before the sound of Fort Sumter's guns had died away. The congregation treasures in its archives the copy of a Presidential directive sent to Union forces in the area: "Let no depredations be permitted on the property or possessions of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth

Academy near Bardstown, Kentucky. . . . Signed, Abraham Lincoln."

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Lincoln seated on a platform. An observer noted something was the matter with his legs. In a sketch they would have been "out of drawing." Then he made a discovery. Lincoln was seated with his knees crossed—but with both feet flat on the floor.

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He was a marvelous mimic, might have been a great comic actor. His innumerable stories, often flat in print, gained immeasurably in their recital by him. He enjoyed humor. His laugh was loud, even raucous.

to his friends. Orpheus C. Kerr, usually favorable to Lincoln in his writings, once felt called upon to remark after a particularly heavy dose of tales, "The man is in his anecdotalage."

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"But father," Willie remonstrated, "I have to have it too keep myself quiet."

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"Shall he be discharged?" asked the attendant.

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"I don't know," answered Billy, "and I don't give a damn. I ain't after his job."

So the Naval board wrote under Billy's application: "Commission refused; ignorant and impudent."

Friends of Billy got to Lincoln's ear. He heard the circumstances

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R. E. P. SENSENDERFER

30134

HE WAS "TIRED TO DEATH."

By Andrew Park

These were the words of the immortal Lincoln toward the close of 1864. The presidency of the United States for the four bitter years of the Civil war had placed upon him a burden hitherto unborne by any man. He was seldom heard to complain. No man was ever more derided and censured than he. But he never resented an injury. His keen sense of wit and humor served him well in defeating his enemies in public debates.

One of his opponents was a rich man, living in a great mansion, equipped with a lightning rod. He made sport of Lincoln because he was long, gawky and poorly dressed. Lincoln retorted:

"I had rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day when I should have to erect a lightening-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The laughter that his stories merited served as a tonic both to him and to those who were associated with him. "A merry heart doeth good as a medicine; but a wounded spirit drieth the bones."

Lincoln was free from malice. This was a source of strength in disarming his enemies. His motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all", tempered and mellowed his own life, and saved him from that bitterness of which so many public men become weak and loose their influence.

But with all the laughter he gave the world he was nevertheless a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The suffering of the soldiers was continually before him. So heavily did this bear upon him that at times he sank into deepest despondency. And it was on one of these occasions that he said, "I'm tired to death."

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R. E. P. SENDERFER

"Come in here, here's where I keep my overdraft."

How Lincoln Listened to a Soldier's Complaint.

Ida M. Tarbell tells a wonderful story of Lincoln in the February American Magazine. It is Billy Brown's account of Lincoln and his relations with the soldiers. Billy Brown was an old Springfield, Ill., friend of Lincoln's. Here is something that Lincoln himself once said to Brown:

"A while after Bull Run I met a boy out on the street here on crutches, thin and white, and I stopped to ask him about how he got hurt. Well, Billy, he looked at me hard as nails, and he says: 'Be you Abe Lincoln?' And I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he says, 'all I've got to say is you don't know your job. I enlisted glad enough to do my part, and I've done it, but you ain't done yourn. You promised to feed me, and I marched three days at the beginning of these troubles without anything to eat but hardtack and two chunks of salt pork—no bread, no coffee—and what I did get wasn't regular. They got us up one morning and marched us ten miles without breakfast. Do you call that providin' for an army? And they sent us down to fight the Rebs at Bull Run and when we were doin' our best and holdin' 'em—I tell you, holdin' 'em—they told us to fall back. I swore I wouldn't—I hadn't come down there for that. They made me—hode me down. I got struck—struck in the back. Struck in the back and they left me there—never came for me, never gave me a drink and I dyin' of thlrst. I crawled five miles for water, and I'd be dead and rottin' in Virginia today if a teamster hadn't plected me up and brought me to this town and found an old darkey to take care of me. You ain't doin' your job, Abe Lincoln, you won't win this war until you learn to take care of the soldiers.'

"I couldn't say a thing. It was true. It's been true all the time. It's true today. We ain't taking care of the soldiers like we ought."

ONE day a man ran into Mr. Lincoln's office and said, "President Lincoln, do you know where Chase is?" "Yes." "Do you know that he has gone to the Republican convention in Ohio?" "Yes." "Do you know that he is going to make a speech there?" "Yes." "Don't you know that he wants to be president, and that you ought to keep him at home?" "Oh, don't worry about Chase. He has just as good a right to want to be president as

any man in America, and if the people want Chase to be president, then I want him to be president. When I was a boy I worked on a farm. We plowed corn, and I rode the horse and a neighbor boy held the plow. The horse was lazy. I pounded him with my heels and the neighbor boy threw clods at him, but he would not go much, till one day a blue-headed fly lit on his back and began to get in his work. The horse could not switch him off, and started to run. The neighbor boy cried: 'Abe, Abe, knock off that fly.' I said: 'No you don't, isn't that just what we want?' If Chase has anything in his head that will make him work for the Republic, isn't that just what we want?"

IT WAS in dealing with McClellan that Lincoln's magnanimity attained its climax. Almost from the first he endured impertinence, ingratitude, and even questionable loyalty from McClellan. At the very time McClellan was writing his friends how he "despised the old dotard because he defers to me so much," Lincoln was refusing the demand of the Committee on the Conduct of the War for the removal of McClellan.

Once, in a perilous hour, Mr. Lincoln went to McClellan's headquarters to consult him. McClellan was out, attending the wedding of a member of his staff. Mr. Lincoln waited three hours. McClellan came in and went upstairs. Lincoln, thinking McClellan did not know the president was waiting to see him, sent a note to the General that he, the president, wanted to see him on important war matters. The servant returned with this message: "Tell Lincoln that General McClellan has gone to bed." Even this almost incredible insult Lincoln condoned, doubtless because he felt that the exigencies of the hour demanded that he should. He held the pompous little McClellan in the hollow of his hand, and had but to turn it edgewise to let the peacock of the army fall into oblivion.—Abraham Lincoln, Man of God. By J. Hill.

**Lincoln the Anecdotal Target—Depew in
High Feather and the Sentimental
Side of the Character of
John Wilkes Booth.**

[From the New York Herald.]

When Abraham Lincoln left Springfield, Ill., he was probably one of the most awkward, ungainly men one could meet in a day's walk. Bright mentally as an uncut diamond, his lank, ill-dressed figure upon more than one occasion made him the butt of ridicule. Of this he was aware, yet was possessed of that rare Yankee *sana froids* which enabled him to laugh even when the joke was at his own expense. At Springfield he went in society, and what that society was may be judged from the fact that the accomplished Stephen A. Douglas was a member of it. Among the young ladies who met the green youth, afterward to become so famous, was Miss Todd, who later on became his wife and the first lady of the land. One evening at a dance Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said in his peculiar idiom: "Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way." The young woman accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When she had returned to her seat one of her mischievous companions said: "Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?" "Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

Like most great men, Abraham Lincoln had more than one great side. Had the State not seen fit to call him the world would still have heard of him, for he would have made a high mark in the law. His historic murder trial was not the only case which showed his insight. "If I can free this case of its technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury I'll win it," he used to say. Upon one occasion a crippled old woman, a widow of a Revolutionary soldier, hobbled into his office and told him that an agent named Wright had retained half a \$400 pension he had secured as his fee. Lincoln announced that he would "skin Wright and get that money back." He had the old woman tell her story to the jury. In his plea he drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, the soldiers creeping barefoot over the ice, marking it with their blood. The jury were in tears, and when the skinning process began Wright writhed in his seat under the castigation. The widow won, and had no bill to pay for legal services. Lincoln's notes, afterward picked up, ran: "No contract, not professional services, unreasonable charge, money retained by defendant not given by plaintiff, Revolutionary War, describe Valley Forge, privations, ice, soldiers' bleeding feet, plaintiff's husband, soldier leaving for army, skin defendant."

The distinguishing feature of Abraham Lincoln's law practice, in which, unfortunately, he had few imitators, was that he never took a case in which he did not fully believe. First and foremost he insisted that the right should be on his side. The elder Jefferson was a member of a theatrical corporation which built and fitted out a theater in Springfield. A religious revival was in progress in the town, and the big men of the churches induced the Town Trustees to pass an ordinance for a prohibitory show license. The company had invested all its funds, the Legislature was in session and the town was full of people. Strangers who yearned for the theater were being forced into the religious meetings or to cool their heels at the hotels.

It was one of those periods of religious fanaticism which periodically strike small towns. Lincoln heard of the injustice and offered his services, win or lose, without pay. He went before the Council and made what is now known as a Chauncey M. Depew speech, handling the subject with tact, skill and humor, and tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage in question. The Council was in a roar, good humor prevailed, and the tax was taken off, much to the chagrin of the whilom religionists. The suit did much to establish Lincoln's reputation and to make him friends locally. As goes without saying, Jefferson never forgot the favor.

Abraham Lincoln must by future generations which read the history of his life, not yet altogether made, be regarded as one of the most unique characters in history. Even to those who by force of circumstances were most in his company, he was ever developing a new side. Grim, revengeful Sumner, his War Secretary, never quite knew how to take him. Sumner was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed. "I believe I'll hit down," said Sumner, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "No so," said Lincoln, "write him now, while you have got your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Sumner did not need a second invitation. It was a bone cruncher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that's necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

Bravery was not the least of President Lincoln's many admirable qualities. He utterly refused to shut himself up during the dangerous stages of the war, and had been less unyielding in this regard a detective would have sat behind the curtain in the box at Ford's Theater to grapple with the assassin who murdered him. Lincoln had more of the spirit of Andrew Jackson in him than most people imagined and occasionally it came out, even when it went counter to the fixed rules of diplomacy. In the matter of the Alabama he felt that a great deal of red tape had been employed. When Mr. Adams notified Mr. Lincoln that perhaps another Alabama might escape, he did one of the most remarkable things recorded of any statesman. He thought for a few moments, and then reached for a small visiting card which lay upon a desk. After bringing the stub of a lead pencil to a point he scratched out these words for Adams to read: "Tell Palmerston that another Alabama means war." No Alabama escaped.

Some Little Known Anecdotes About "Honest Abe"

Edgar Connerhead
117/39

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—From the days of childhood, young Americans hear of "Honest Abe" tramping several miles to return a few pennies and later of alighting in the mud to rescue a pig stuck in a fence.

But there are many other anecdotes anent Lincoln which are not so widely known.

Here are a few:

"Liquid fire," commonly believed first initiated by the Germans during the World war, was not unheard of in Lincoln's day. On Jan. 21, 1848, Lincoln was a member of the lower house of congress. When the house went into a committee of the whole, Lincoln presented the petition of Uriah Brown "praying for a further testing of his discovery of 'liquid fire' to be used in national defense." The petition was referred to the committee on naval affairs where it died.

While a congressman, Lincoln received a letter defending President Polk's actions in the war with Mexico as a defense measure to repel a threatened invasion of the United States. On Feb. 15, 1848, Lincoln replied: "Allow the President to invade a neighboring nation whenever he shall deem it necessary to repel an invasion, and you allow him to . . . make war at pleasure. Your view . . . places our President where kings have always stood."

En route to Washington from Springfield June 11, 1849, Lincoln had as his sole companion in the stage coach a Kentuckian. In the course of the day, he offered Lincoln a chew, a smoke and a drink. All were refused. As Lincoln and the 'Tuckian parted, the latter remarked: "See here, stranger, my experience has taught me that a man with no vices has d—d few virtues."

In a letter written from Springfield June 27, 1850, to Richard S. Thomas at Virginia, Ill., as to how to proceed in a suit involving a grocer's bond, Lincoln wrote in apology for not answering Thomas' letter sooner that he had put Thomas' letter in his old hat and that "buying a new one the next day, the old hat was set aside and so the letter was lost sight of for a time."

Lincoln was once counsel in a suit before the Illinois supreme court involving patent rights to a "horological cradle" designed to relieve mothers of the tedious task of rocking cradles.

Lincoln had a railroad pass and when it expired asked for another in these words: "Says Tom to John, 'Here's your rotten old wheelbarrow. I've broke it, usin' on it. I wish you would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this afternoon.' Acting on this precedent I say, 'Here's your old "chalked hat." I wish you would take it and send me a new one; case I shall want to use it the first of March.'"

How high should a lawyer's fees be? Lincoln wrote as follows to George P. Floyd for whom he had drawn papers in connection with leasing of a hotel at Quincy: "I have received yours of 16th, with check on Flagg & Savage for \$25. You must think I am a high-priced man. You are too liberal with your money. Fifteen dollars is enough for the job. I send you a receipt for \$15 and return to you a \$10 bill."

COL. FREEMAN THORP, who sketched Lincoln very often, and whose painting of him was accepted by the Senate, saw no unecouthness in him, just "a tall, spare, but well formed, muscular man, very erect, with impressive, plain, unassuming bearing."

* * *

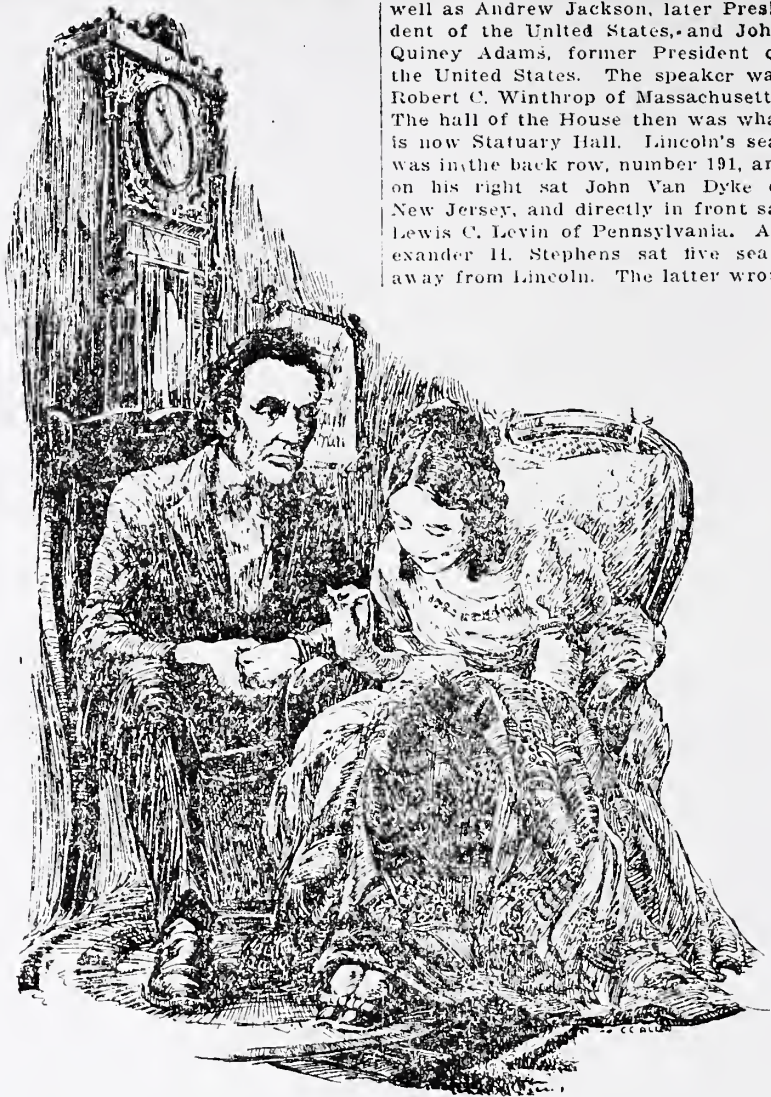
WITH a desire to be a useful member of the community, Lincoln, when he became of age, embarked in various business ventures, and every one of them without exception was signally disastrous. They fastened upon him a burden of debt which he carried for twenty years and never did dispose of until 1849, his fortieth year, after his election to Congress. He called it the "national debt." It amounted to \$1,100 and was in the form of promissory notes. When these notes became due, all the creditors consented to renew them, except one. This man brought suit, obtained judgment, issued an execution and levied upon the surveying implements which Lincoln called the things which kept soul and body together. The date of sale came, but down the dusty road that day came James Short, a farmer, and he bought all the things at the sale and laid them at Lincoln's feet and said, "Here, begin again." Thirty-two years afterward Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, heard that James Short was destitute on the western border of Nebraska, and as fast as steam and train (and pony express) could carry it, he sent aid and comfort, succor and support. He showed his gratitude after thirty-two years—and that is why men loved him.

* * *

LINCOLN was a paragon among lovers. He says he was awkward and bashful in the time when "young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love." At different times four women so treated him that he even felt justified in proposing marriage. Ann Rutledge, Mary Owens, Sarah Rickard and Mary Todd—these four we know he loved, though he did not equal Washington's record of devotion to five different girls within ten years. Timidity in polite society was a characteristic of Lincoln's whole life.

Those who knew him best assert that his affection once evoked was impetuous and fervent. Above the lonely grave in Menard county of Ann Rutledge his great heart broke. To that lovely girl he had told the old, old story as he escorted her to the quilting bee. The owner of a quilt made in those days used to show to all interested the very uneven and irregular stitches which Ann Rutledge made as her heart and soul throbbed and thrilled with joy when, sitting by her side as she stitched at the quilting frame, Lincoln told that story of man's love for woman, sweet as it is old and old as it is sweet.

"All the world loves a lover." And no one will love Lincoln less because of the historical fact that his reason, or at least his hope and interest in life departed from him when Ann died. Yes, that heart and soul and mind and intellect which in later years could contemplate unmoved a world in arms were all dethroned because a sweet girl died. It was five



well as Andrew Jackson, later President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, former President of the United States. The speaker was Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts. The hall of the House then was what is now Statuary Hall. Lincoln's seat was in the back row, number 191, and on his right sat John Van Dyke of New Jersey, and directly in front sat Lewis C. Levin of Pennsylvania. Alexander H. Stephens sat five seats away from Lincoln. The latter wrote

LINCOLN TOLD THAT STORY OF MAN'S LOVE FOR WOMAN, SWEET AS IT IS OLD, AND OLD AS IT IS SWEET.

long years before any other woman attracted him. Then two in somewhat rapid succession became recipients of his regard. Although esteeming him, they rejected him. When he did finally marry, ten years later, he was a model husband, as Mary Todd Lincoln was a model wife.

* * *

A KIND friend, after Ann Rutledge's death, took Mr. Lincoln to his little home in a secluded spot, hidden in the hills, and there slowly and gradually brought him back to reason after weeks upon weeks of suffering. In 1842 that kind friend—Bowling Greene—died, and Lincoln was selected to deliver a funeral oration. He rose to speak, but the old, dear memories crowded upon him. He broke down, his voice choked, his lips quivered, the tears poured down his cheeks. After repeated efforts, finding it absolutely impossible to speak, he strode away, bitterly sobbing. Every heart was touched by the spectacle. It was probably the most effective oration he ever attempted.

* * *

AMONG Lincoln's colleagues in the House were Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, David Wilnot, Horace Greeley, also Alexander H. Stephens, late Confederate vice president, as

to a friend on February 2, 1849, as follows:

"I just take my pen to say that Mr. Stephens of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Judge Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet. If he writes it out anything like he delivered it, our people shall see many copies of it."

* * *

LINCOLN, Robert Ingersoll says, did not believe in God, but Robert McIntyre answers that he must have believed in God, because God undoubtedly believed in him. Lincoln cherished his Bible, studied it and carried it with him on the old circuit from court to court. With the Bible he also carried the plays of Shakespeare, the fables of Aesop and "The Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, and also the "Washington" of Weems. That was the vital part of the meager library, of the equipment of the lawyer and statesman of those days.

* * *

IN word and deed Lincoln advocated that young men should fit themselves for public office and then seek it. When the list of offices and positions and honors to which Abraham Lincoln aspired, and for the attain-

ment of which he strove, is considered. It presents an array sufficient to astound every advocate of the theory that "the office should seek the man, and not the man the office."

* * * *

THE captaincy of a military company, the postmastership of a village, the deputy surveyorship of a county, the circuit judgeship pro tempore, the office of member of the legislature, the position of delegate to a convention, the office of commissioner of the land office, the position of congressman, the honorary position of presidential elector, the office of governor of a territory, the position of secretary of a territory, the United States senatorship and the presidency of the United States—a round dozen political positions, one of which he held four times, and a number of which he held more than once—were all considered by him worthy of his aspiration and regard.

* * * *

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a good lawyer, a good diplomat, a good student of finance and a fair general, a fair engineer and a fair poet—as well as being one of the three greatest Presidents.

* * * *

LINCOLN himself used to tell how his wife locked him out the night he was elected President. Mrs. Julia A. Bradner of Bloomington, when she was ninety-five years old, recalled that she was in Springfield with her sister at the time of Lincoln's election, and they called to offer congratulations. He was in jovial mood, and, pointing to Mrs. Lincoln, said: "She locked me out." Mrs. Lincoln hastily chided him: "Don't ever tell again," but he laughed and went on with the story.

Mrs. Lincoln told him when he went down town in the evening to hear the returns that if he wasn't home by 10 o'clock she would lock him out. And she did so. But when she heard the music coming to serenade them she turned the key again in a hurry.

* * * *

LINCOLN won a famous murder case once by producing an almanac in court to prove that a certain night was dark and cloudy, where the prosecution claimed it was moonlight. Duff Armstrong was the man freed from the charge of murder on a camp meeting ground. He joined the church and was an ardent lifelong champion of "Honest Abe" Lincoln.

* * * *

LINCOLN'S simplicity was shown at one time when he was addressing a jury. He had a habit of getting close to the jury box and gesticulating with his long arms extended over their heads. One day while thus engaged his suspenders gave way in the middle of his argument. He looked down and found a button pulled off. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a minute while I fix my tackling," he said. Then he stepped over to the woodbox by the courtroom stove, picked up a splinter, took out his knife and whittled the splinter to a point, thrust this wooden pin through the cloth, hooked the suspender loop over it and returned to his pleading.

TODAY: Lincoln Stories and Anecdotes

SOMEONE once told Abraham Lincoln the story of a nurse who placed a baby in a chair, covered it with a shawl and left it to be flattened by a near-sighted aunt who flopped into what seemed to be an easy chair. Lincoln laughed and told one of his own:

"When I traveled on the Eight Judicial Circuit at a hotel we patronized, a man with a silk hat entered. It was a warm day and he laid his hat, brim upward, on an easy chair. Something distracted his attention and he moved off.

"In the meantime, a fat dowager, who,



like the aunt of the baby—was near-sighted, didn't see the hat and sat down. The crushing noise brought the owner of the hat to the chair to rescue his property. When he recovered it, he said to the near-sighted dowager: 'Madam, I could have told you that my hat wouldn't fit—before you tried it on.'

Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, seeking Lincoln, found the President in the basement of the White House, blacking his shoes.

"Why, Mr. President," he asked in astonishment, "do you black your own boots?"

"Whose boots did you think I blacked?" replied Lincoln.

LINCOLN was one of the most widely known lawyers in Springfield, Illinois. A New York firm wrote concerning the financial standing of his neighbor, John Snodgrass. Lincoln wrote back:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Snodgrass and know his circumstances.

"First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man.

"Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say, \$1.

"Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into."

When Lincoln visited General Grant at City Point on March 22, 1864, he was rather shaken up on the bay while on board the River Queen.

"Mr. President, let me send for a bottle of champagne," said a staff officer. "That's the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied Lincoln, "I've seen many a man seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

TO the passenger agent of a railroad, from which he sought renewal of a pass, Lincoln wrote as follows:

"Springfield, Ill., Feb. 13, 1856.

"R. P. Morgan, Esq.

"Dear Sir:

"Says Tom to John:

"Here's you rotten old wheelbarrow. I've broke it, usin' on it. I wish you would mend it, 'cause I shall want to borrow it this arter-noon."

"Acting on this as a precedent, I say:

"Here's your old pass. I wish you would take it and send me a new one, 'cause I shall want to use it the first of March. Yours truly,

"A. Lincoln."

Lincoln was told how a force of Confederates taking advantage of a fog, captured at Falls Church, a dozen miles from Washington, a Federal Brigadier-General, a squad of soldiers and twelve Army mules.

"How unfortunate!" he commented. "I can fill his place with one of my generals in five minutes, but those mules cost us \$200 apiece."

IN 1836, when Lincoln ran for the Legislature of Illinois, Col. Dick Taylor, a Democratic orator, ridiculed Lincoln, whom he called a "Whig aristocrat." Lincoln wore Kentucky jeans, coarse boots, a checked shirt and an old slouch hat. Taylor wore ruffles on his shirt, patent leather boots, kid gloves, diamond scarf pin, gold studs, a gold watch and a heavy gold chain which carried seals and pendants.

In his harangue, Taylor made such

forcible gestures that he tore the buttons from his waistcoat, exposing his ruffled shirt and jangling watch chain.

Quick as a flash, Lincoln pointed to the ruffles and exclaimed:

"Behold, the hard fisted Democrat! Look at this specimen of bone and sinew."

Taylor was embarrassed, but Lincoln went on.

"Here," said Lincoln, laying his big, bronzed hand on his chest, "is your aristocrat! Here is your, 'Silk Stocking Gentry.' Here is your 'rag-baron'—with his lily white hands."

The crowd burst into laughter and applause.

A neighbor, Rolland Diller, saw Lincoln walking toward his home, holding two of his sons, both of them wailing loud.

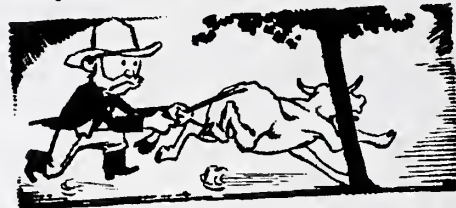


"What's the matter with the boys, Mr. Lincoln?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," said Lincoln. "I've three walnuts and each one wants two."

THE cabinet was discussing the war and Lincoln said his main idea was to preserve the Union.

"That reminds me," he said, "of a story I heard when I lived in Illinois. A vicious bull in a pasture took after everybody who tried to cross the lot.



One day, a neighbor, to save time, attempted to cross the lot, and the bull got after him. Although the man was speedy, he reached the nearest tree, but not sufficiently ahead of the bull to climb it. So he circled the tree, with the bull following and finally succeeded in getting the bull by the tail.

"The bull, not being able to catch the man or release his tail, dug up the earth with his feet, scattered gravel all around, bellowed until you could hear him for a mile and at length broke into a dead run, the man hanging on to the tail all the time. While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail shouted: 'Darn you, who commenced this fuss?'"

Lincoln paused. Then he added:

"It is our duty to settle this fuss at the earliest possible moment, no matter who commenced it. That's my idea about it."

When Lincoln rode the Eighth Illinois Circuit, it was admissible in the frontier courts for a lawyer to take off his coat and vest, if the weather were warm. At that time shirts with buttons behind were unusual and Lincoln noticed that his opponent wore such a shirt. When it came his time to speak, he summed up his case thus:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Having justice on my side, I don't think you will be influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law—when he doesn't even know which side of his shirt should be in front."

Lincoln sat down amid laughter and the jury gave the verdict to Lincoln's client.

ONE day in Springfield, Lincoln got to bantering a judge about trading horses. A wager was made that—at 9 o'clock the next morning, they should bring their horses to the Square—the horses to be unseen until that time and the trade made then.

A great crowd gathered to see the trade. The judge was the first to ar-



rive, leading what was described to be "the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in these parts."

Some minutes later, Lincoln approached, carrying a wooden horse on his shoulder. The crowd howled in glee when Lincoln came up. He surveyed the judge's horse, set down his own saw-horse and exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

* * *

When Lincoln won his election in the Illinois State Legislature, he had no money, so he went to see Smoot, who had.

"Smoot, did you vote for me?" inquired Lincoln.

"I did," said Smoot.

"Well, that makes you responsible, Smoot. You must lend me the money to buy suitable clothing, for I want to make a decent appearance in the Legislature."

"How much do you want?"

"About \$200 I reckon."

Lincoln got the money and paid it back.

* * *

A DISPUTE as to how long a man's legs should be was left to Lincoln. He thought for a minute or two and then gave his decision:

"This question has been a source of controversy for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not lead to the same in the future.

"After much thought and consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept aside, that a man's limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from the body to the ground."

* * *

Lincoln enjoyed a joke at the expense of some high civil or military official. Secretary Stanton was on a quartermaster's tug with General Foster, going up Broad River. Reaching the outer lines, a picket roared from the banks: "Whom have you got on board that tug?"

The dignified answer was returned, "The Secretary of War and Major-General Foster."

"We've got Major-Generals enough up here," replied the picket, "why didn't you bring us some hard-tack?"

* * *

DEFENDING a case of assault and battery, it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor. The opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant. It was Lincoln's time to speak.

"This case," he said, "reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why didn't you go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why didn't he come at me with the other end of him?" was the retort."

The court room laughed with Lincoln and the jury gave him the verdict.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

THE HARDEST TRIAL OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

In February, 1862, Mr. Lincoln was visited by a severe affliction in the death of his beautiful son, Willie, and the extreme illness of his son Thomas, familiarly called "Tad." This was a new burden, and the visitation which, in his firm faith in Providence, he regarded as providential, was also inexplicable. A Christian lady from Massachusetts, who was officiating as nurse in one of the hospitals at the time, came to attend the sick children. She reports that Mr. Lincoln watched with her about the bedside of the sick ones, and that he often walked the room, saying sadly:

"This is the hardest trial of my life; why is it? Why is it?"

In the course of conversation with her he questioned her concerning his situation. She told him that she was a widow and that her husband and two children were in heaven; and added that she saw the hand of God in it all, and that she had never loved him so much before as she had since her affliction.

"How is that brought about?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Simply by trusting in God and feeling that he does all things well," she replied.

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "not wholly; but, a blow came upon blow, and all were taken, I could and did submit, and was very happy."

He responded: "I am glad to hear you say that. Your experience will help me to bear my affliction."

On being assured that many Christians were praying for him on the morning of the funeral, he wiped away the tears that sprang in his eyes, and said:

"I am glad to hear that. I want them to pray for me. I need their prayers."

As he was going out to the burial, the good lady expressed her sympathy with him. He thanked her gently, and said:

"I will try to go to God with my sorrows."

A few days afterward she asked him if he could trust God. He replied:

"I think I can, and will try. I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of, and I trust he will give it to me." And then he spoke of his mother, whom so many years before he had committed to the dust among the wilds of Indiana. In this hour of his great trial the memory of her who had held him upon her bosom, and soothed his childish griefs, came back to him with tenderest recollections. "I remember her prayers," said he, "and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

Lincoln's Own Stories

EARLIER YEARS

When the Lincoln family moved from Indiana to Illinois in the spring of 1830 they had, among their few possessions, a small pet dog. The little animal fell behind one day and was not missed until the party had crossed a swollen, ice-filled stream, when he made his presence on the opposite bank known by whines and yelps. Lincoln's father, anxious to go forward, decided not to recross the river with oxen and wagons, but the boy Abraham could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, he waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under his arm. Said Lincoln afterward, "His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

W. W. B. W. W. B. 32

In 1832, at the time of the Black Hawk War, Lincoln was drilling his men, and they were marching with twenty men fronting in line across a field when he wished to pass through a gate into the next field. "I could not for the life of me," said Lincoln, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company 'endwise,' so that it could get through the gate, so, as we came near the gate, I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

written by Wm. A. 9/11/32

In his youth Lincoln ran a ferry in the Ohio river at the mouth of Anderson creek. The only passenger for a whole day was being ferried over, and to enliven the journey he told the story of Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg.

"Well," remarked young Abraham, sadly, "he couldn't throw one across the Ohio at the mouth of Anderson unless he was doing more business than I am, or unless he stole it."

week by week 9/17/32

When Lincoln came on a visit to his father's home in Coles County, Illinois, in 1831, his reputation as a great wrestler had preceded him. The local champion, one Daniel Needham, promptly challenged him, and Lincoln promptly accepted. In the public contest which followed Lincoln threw his opponent twice with comparative ease and thus aroused the anger of Needham. "Lincoln," he shouted, "you have thrown me twice, but you can't whip me!"

"Needham," he answered, "are you satisfied that I can throw you? If you are not, and must be convinced by a thrashing, I will do that, too, for your sake."

AS A LAWYER

"At the White House once I was regaling him with local news from Campaign (which he was always ready to hear), and I said, 'Blank is dead; his extremely disloyal sentiments so provoked his neighbors that there was serious talk of inflicting vengeance on him, and he was found dead in bed—caused largely by fright.' This man was an old Whig friend of Lincoln, but the reason of his exit from life's trials amused him. His comment was, 'He died; then, to save his life, it seems.'"

12/8/32

Whitney says that one of the most obvious of Mr. Lincoln's peculiarities was his dissimilitude of qualities, or inequality of conduct, his dignity of deportment and action, interspersed with freaks of frivolity and inanity; his high inspiration and achievement, and his descent into the most primitive vales of listlessness and the most ridiculous buffoonery.

Lincoln once told this story: A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans "befo' da wa'," and after sailing in the air several hours the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus performer, descended in a cotton field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darky, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said, "Good mornin', Massa Jesus; how's yo' pa?"

12/3/32

What It's All About?

Everybody is entitled to a little conceit, without it we would not progress. While a modest amount is excusable yet when overdone it is pitiful or ludicrous. Upon one occasion a gentleman having the appearance of a United States senator or cabinet officer came into the scene driving a Lincoln car and having with him a colored driver in faultless uniform. When asked if he had any questions he replied that he had read everything written about Lincoln and was familiar with every incident of his life. Of course, it was a pleasure to meet such a man and as we were about to ask some of the questions that had baffled the research of the biographers, he said "Yes, there is one question I would like to ask, and that is what were the Lincoln-Douglas debates about?"

2-3-37

A Lincoln Story

The following article is a reprint from Emil Smith's column in the Illinois State Journal this morning:

Since today marks the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, this column presents this refreshing story from Rev. Arthur S. Chapman, pastor of the First Methodist church of Taylorville.

Several years ago Rev. Mr. Chapman had addressed a public meeting concerning Lincoln. At the close of the meeting a young mother who lived a few blocks south of the Lincoln home came up to greet the speaker.

She said she had taken her 5-year-old daughter down town on a shopping tour and at dusk they were passing the Lincoln home. It occurred to her that although they had passed the Lincoln residence many times she had never talked to her little daughter about Lincoln. So they stopped on the opposite side of the street while she briefly sketched Mr. Lincoln's life.

In the meantime the caretaker turned on the lights. When she finished telling about Lincoln she took her little daughter by the hand and started to move on. The child kept looking back. Finally the mother said "Come on, dear, we must be getting home."

But as the little child turned away she said: "Mother Mr. Lincoln left his light burning, didn't he?"

"At this season of the year" remarks Rev. Mr. Chapman "as our thoughts turn to this great man I think of the light he has left burning for us, and for that matter, for the world."

2-12-46

In 1836 Lincoln was again a candidate for the legislature, and in this canvass he greatly distinguished himself. On one occasion there was to be a public discussion among the opposite candidates, held at the court-house at Springfield, and Lincoln, among others, was advertised to speak. This was his first appearance "on the stump" at the county seat. There lived at this time in the most pretentious house in the town a prominent citizen with the name of George Forquer. He had been long in public life, had been a leading Whig, the party to which Lincoln belonged, but had lately gone over to the Democrats, and received from the Democratic administration an appointment to the lucrative post of register of the land office at Springfield. Upon his handsome new house he had lately placed a lightning-rod, the first one ever put in Sangamon County. As Lincoln was riding into town with his friends they passed the fine house of Forquer, and observed the novelty of the lightning rod, discussing the manner in which it protected the house from being struck by lightning.

There were seven Whig and seven Democratic candidates for the lower branch of the legislature, and, after several had spoken, it fell to Lincoln to close the discussion. He did it with great ability. Forquer, though not a candidate, then asked to be heard for the Democrats in reply to Lincoln. He was a good speaker and well known throughout the county. His special task that day was to attack and ridicule the young man from Salem. Turning to Lincoln, who stood within a few feet of him, he said, "This young man must be taken down, and I am truly sorry that the task devolves upon me." He then proceeded in a very overbearing way and with an assumption of great superiority to attack Lincoln and his speech.

Lincoln, however, stood calm, but his flashing eye and pale cheek indicated his indignation. As soon as Forquer had closed, he took the stand and first answered his opponent's arguments fully and triumphantly. So impressive were his words and manner that a hearer believes he can remember to this day, and repeat some of the expressions. Among other things he said: "The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that this young man, alluding to me, must be taken down. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician, but," said he, pointing to Forquer, "live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and with the change receive an office worth \$3,000 a year, and then," continued he, "then feel obliged to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

It is difficult to-day to appreciate the effect on the old settlers of this figure. This lightning-rod was the first which most of those present had ever seen. They had slept all their lives in their cabins in conscious security. Here was a man who seemed to these simple-minded people to be afraid to sleep in his own house, without special and extraordinary protection from Almighty God. These old settlers thought that nothing but the consciousness of guilt, the sting of a guilty conscience, could account for such timidity. Forquer and his lightning-rod were talked over in every settlement from Sangamon to the Illinois and the Wabash. Whenever he arose to speak thereafter, they said: "There is the man who dare not sleep in his own house without a lightning-rod to keep off the vengeance of the Almighty."—*From Arnold's New "Life of Abraham Lincoln."*

THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Washington Evening Journal 2-12-40
By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

Plans reported already to have received 300 fighting planes from the British

Chile, were walking through Lafayette Park just in front of the White House.

Bowers remarked that he had in his files a very interesting and original memo regarding Abraham Lincoln and a British Minister, who was enamored of a certain Washington society lady.

One summer's evening during the Civil War they were sitting in Lafayette Park.

Finally they tried to get out and were greatly embarrassed to find that the gates were locked. Then they noticed a figure

in a high top hat on the front porch of the White House across the street.

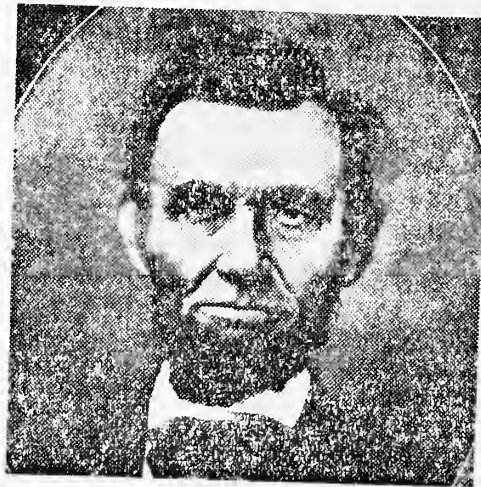
"Oh, Mr. President! Mr. President!" shouted the British Minister.

Mr. Lincoln heard, came over and examined the fence, then went back to the White House. He returned in a few minutes with a ladder which he put up against the fence, and helped the lady and her diplomatic escort to the other side.

"And then," concluded Ambassador Bowers, "Mr. Lincoln went back to the White House and wrote a memorandum about the incident. I have it."

"Wonder why he wrote a memorandum?" mused Murphy.

"Oh, I guess he had a touch of the New Dealer in him," shot back Bowers.



—(Copyright 1929, Ray Curtiss, New York City.

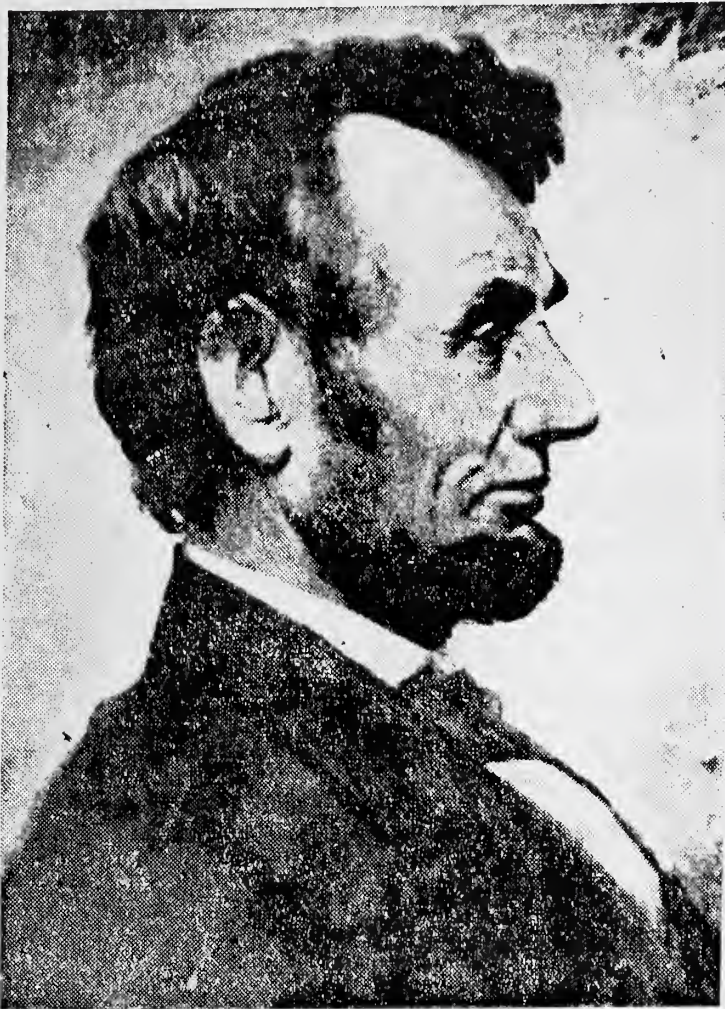
Abraham Lincoln

... "a touch of the New Dealer."

ONE day last summer, Frank Murphy, now Justice of the Supreme Court, and Claude Bowers, now Ambassador to

One Lincoln Story No One Ever Told

President and Seward Together
Toted Ladder to Avoid Scandal



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose personality still reigns in White House.

By JAY FRANKLIN

The Executive Mansion is the nation's No. 1 haunted house.

For the personality of Abraham Lincoln pervades the White House and grows upon its occupants. This has been true of every President from Andrew Johnson to Franklin Roosevelt.

The longer a man remains in the Presidency, the more conscious does he become of the presence of Lincoln and it is a matter of record that in the early days of the New Deal one of the White House stenographers who had been summoned to the sacred second floor looked in the door of the Lincoln room and saw a gaunt man with dark chin whiskers and deep-set eyes

explained that the Lord Lyons and the wife of the Spanish Minister were locked in Lafayette Park and that he was trying to find the key to let them out.

"I don't know who keeps that key," said Lincoln, "but I have seen a ladder somewhere around here. Yes—here it is. Come on, Seward, lend me a hand!"

So the President of the United States took one end of the ladder and the Secretary of State took the other end, and they carried it out across Pennsylvania av. and passed it through the railing to Lord Lyons. Her Britannic Majesty's Minister then propped the ladder up and helped the voluminous skirted Spanish lady mount to the top, where Lincoln and Seward helped her to descend in safety. Then Lord Lyons followed and the situation was saved.

sitting on the edge of the bed pulling on a pair of elastic-sided boots. Imagination? Perhaps—but the girl dropped her papers, fled downstairs, and has steadfastly refused ever again to enter that part of the White House.

The White House, too, treasures some Lincoln lore which has not yet found its way into the biographies. Here is one anecdote which I was told by one of the present residents at the Executive Mansion, as being an unpublished story which I was at liberty to use.

At the time of the Civil War, Lafayette Park was surrounded by a high spiked iron fence and had gates which were locked every evening at 6 o'clock. One dusky Spring evening, Secretary of State Seward was walking home to dinner past the park when he heard a rustle in the shrubbery and an anxious "Psst! Psst!"

Seward stopped, the bushes parted and revealed the worried face of dapper Lord Lyons, the British Minister.

"Thank Heaven, it's you, Seward!" the diplomat whispered. "I'm locked in here and so is the wife of the Spanish Minister. For Heaven's sake, old chap, get the key to the gate and let us out."

Seward said that he didn't know who kept the keys, but that he would go and see if he could find the White House gardener, who might be able to help. So the Secretary of State went around to the back of the White House and began hunting for the gardener.

A moment later a tall figure loomed up behind him and a voice boomed: "Seward, what are you doing?" It was Lincoln. So Seward

"Thank you, Mr. President. Thank you, Mr. Secretary," said Lord Lyons. The wife of the Spanish Minister curtsied and the trapped couple escaped into the darkness.

Then President Lincoln picked up one end of the ladder and Secretary Seward picked up the other end and the two highest officials of the Government of the United States, then engaged in a terrible war to save the Union, carried the ladder back to the rear of the White House and put it away where they found it.

That is the tale and it is vouched for as being true on the highest authority. It has survived the decades only by word of mouth.

All Lincoln stories are important because he is the greatest man America has yet produced, and taken together the tales they tell of Lincoln explain why every American President, no matter what the political motives behind his election, cannot live long in the White House without falling under the spell of the simplicity and grandeur of this lonely man.

QUESTION BOX

Salary of the President

F. G. Hyde Park—The salary of the President of the United States was \$75,000. On Sept. 22, 1789, Congress established the salary of the President at \$25,000, and it remained such until March 3, 1873, when the salary was made \$50,000. President Grant was the first President to receive the increased salary. On March 4, 1907, a bill was passed increasing the salary to \$75,000. President Taft was the first to receive this salary.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CAUGHT NAPPING.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, as is well known, was never a great stickler for ceremony or official etiquette. On the 15th of July, 1863, he lay stretched on a lounge in his private office in the White House, revising his proclamation for a general Thanksgiving-day on the 6th of August. The turning-point of the rebellion had been reached in the battle of Gettysburg twelve days before, and the surrender of Vicksburg on the following day, and the President felt that he was entitled to a little rest. He had stretched himself on the lounge in a comfortable but rather ungraceful position, and with the rough draught of the proclamation held above his head, was revising it critically, and pencilling a few unimportant changes in its phraseology, when an attendant, a young man of sixteen, unceremoniously entered and gave him a card.

Without rising, the President read the note on the card, and said: "Pshaw! She here again? I told her last week that I could not interfere in her case."

The visitor was a lady who had been twice dismissed from the Treasury Department, and re-instated after the first dismissal on the recommendation of the President. He was unwilling to interfere again, as he was confident that she did not deserve leniency.

"I can not see her," he said, impatiently. "Get rid of her anyway. Tell her I am asleep, or anything you like."

Quickly returning to the lady in an adjacent room, this exceedingly bright boy said to her, "The President told me to tell you that he is asleep."

The lad's eyes sparkled as she responded, "Ah, he says he is asleep, eh? Well, will you be kind enough to return and ask him when he intends to wake up?"

We believe that this was the only time when President Lincoln was caught napping.

F. A. W.

Lincoln in Lafayette Park

One day last Summer, Frank Murphy, now Justice of the Supreme Court, and Claude Bowers, now ambassador to Chile, were walking through Lafayette Park just in front of the White House.

Bowers remarked that he had in his files a very interesting and original memo regarding civil war days and Abraham Lincoln. The memo pertained to the then British minister, who was enamored of a certain Washington society lady.

One Summer's evening during the civil war they were sitting in that same Lafayette Park. At that time, Bowers explained, the park had a high fence around it and a gate which was locked at night.

The British minister and his lady remained seated in one end of the park until late in the evening, apparently not noticing that the gates were being locked.

Finally they tried to get out and were greatly embarrassed to find that exit was impossible. Just then they noticed a figure in a high top hat come out on the front porch of the White House just across the street.

"Oh, Mr. President! Mr. President!" shouted the British minister.

Mr. Lincoln heard, came over and examined the fence, then went back to the White House. He returned in a few minutes with a ladder which he put up against the fence, and helped the lady and her diplomatic escort to the other side.

"It must have taken quite a voice to have made the President hear from this distance," remarked

Frank Murphy. And to test it, out he cupped his hands to his mouth and tried his own voice.

"And then," concluded Ambassador Bowers, "Mr. Lincoln went back to the White House and wrote a memorandum about the incident. I have that memorandum."

"Wonder why he wrote a memorandum?" mused Murphy.

"Oh, I guess he had a touch of the New Dealer in him," shot back Bowers.

NOTE — Probable reason for President Lincoln's writing the memorandum was that it is a criminal offense to detain or arrest a foreign diplomat. Probably Lincoln wanted to record his interpretation of the incident in case of a protest from the British government.

Chicago Herald American
.. 11-27-1906

His Keen Irony.

Abraham Lincoln could say true things when just resentment required censure. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "divide" in 1863. The wife of one of these insisted "that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel." Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt, and, without smiling, handed it to the now happy wife, but said, with keen irony:

"You say your husband is a religious man. Tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but in my opinion the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Mr. Lincoln once told Horace Deming, a Connecticut congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, that "when any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself'—that church will I join with all my heart."

His great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington because he "did not know what an abatis, or echelon, or hollow square was." "Well," sharply said the illetante officer with a single eyeglass, "what would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

"I'd give them Jesse, that's what I would do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission and Dick made a famous soldier.

A New Lincoln Anecdote.

We made a pilgrimage to see an old retired army officer who had been a journeyman printer in an office in Springfield, Ill., and one of Lincoln's intimate acquaintances, and asked him to tell us a story that the magazines and books had not found. He told this: "One day Lincoln asked me to ride fifteen miles out in the country with him and become a witness to a will he was to write for a woman on her deathbed. When the will had been signed and witnessed, the woman asked him if he would not read a few verses out of the bible to her. They offered him the book, but he did not take it, but began reciting from memory the twenty-third Psalm, laying especial emphasis upon 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Without the book, he took up the first part of the fourteenth of John, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' After he had given these and other quotations from the scriptures, he recited several hymns, closing with 'Rocks of Ages, cleft for me.' I thought at the time I had never heard any elocutionist speak with such ease or power as he did. I am an old man now, but my heart melts as it did then in that death chamber, as I remember how with a pathos truly divine he spoke the last stanza beginning, 'While I draw this fleeting breath.' The woman died while we were there. Riding home, I expressed surprise that he should have acted as pastor as well as attorney so perfectly, and he replied, 'God and eternity and heaven were very near to me today.'"

The Christian Herald. 1876

LINCOLN

2/12/32
Story Told By Herbert Wells Fay
May Be Added To Many Al-
ready Known.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 12—An-
other anecdote was added today to
the vast store concerning Abraham
Lincoln, by Herbert Wells Fay, cus-
todian of Lincoln's tomb, on the occa-
sion of the emancipator's birthday
anniversary.

The incident, Fay said, is one gen-
erally overlooked by Lincoln bio-
graphers. It was related to Fay by
the late United States Senator Ly-
man Trumbull.

Just after Lincoln had begun the
practice of law and he was travelling
in the northern portion of the state
during bitter cold weather.

"Lincoln appeared as counsel in a
suit in one of the northern counties
and during the course of the trial a
blizzard engulfed the entire little
community," Fay said.

"The emancipator was compelled
to take a room in a small hotel. Be-
fore morning Lincoln nearly froze
in his bed and on awakening he went
down stairs to thaw out.

"Looking around he noticed a man
sitting on the opposite side of the
huge stove, warming his hands. The
man had been working all night in
an effort to keep snow off railroad
switches and the blizzard had covered
his long whiskers almost solidly with
ice.

"When he noticed the ice on the
stranger's whiskers, Lincoln gave a
second look and then walked up to
the man and exclaimed:

"Well neighbor, what room did
you have?"

Just before Lincoln was nominated for President, the New York Central offered him \$10,000 a year to become its general counsel. "What could I do with \$10,000 a year?" Lincoln asked the official who made the offer. "It would ruin my family to have that much income. I don't believe I had better consider it." Big incomes are not thought so dangerous nowadays.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

IN 1855 Lincoln came to the defense of a group of fifteen women who had raided a saloon in a village in DeWitt County and smashed the barrels of liquor. They had provocation, in all conscience, but they had violated the law. Lincoln was not an attorney in the case, but he was present in court. The plaintiff, Tanner, had engaged a good lawyer, and he had the law on his side. The attorney for the defense lacked tact, and the case was not going well. One of the ladies asked Lincoln if he would sit in as associate counsel. Lincoln's partner, William H. Herndon, gives the substance of Lincoln's plea:

'In this case, I would change the order of the indictment, and have it read, The State vs. Mr. Whisky, instead of The State vs. The Ladies; and touching these there are three laws: The law of self-protection; the law of the land, or statute law; and the moral law, or law of God. First, the law of self-protection is a law of necessity, as evinced by our forefathers in casting the tea overboard, and asserting their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this case it is the only defense these ladies have, for Tanner neither feared God nor regarded man. Second, the law of the land, or statute law, and Tanner is rec-
reant to both. Third, the moral law, or law of God, and this is probably a law for the violation of which this jury can fix no punishment.'

Herndon continues:

'Lincoln gave some of his own observations on the ruinous effects of whisky in society, and demanded its early suppression.' This testimony I count as valid as any concerning Lincoln can well be. Lincoln was very loath to give his assent to arguments in favor of 'the higher law,' but in this case he boldly appealed to that law in defense of these women.

The judge took the case away from the jury, not permitting them to retire for a verdict. The judge said:

'Ladies, go home. I will require no bond of you, and if any fine is ever wanted of you, we will let you know.'



LINCOLN

ANOTHER LINCOLN ANECDOTE

By WILLIAM H. SMITH.

'In the middle years of the last century travel in what is now called the Middle West was mainly by private conveyance or by stage coaches carrying the mail, as railroads had not been introduced. Those old Concord coaches, with their rocking motion, on great leathern springs, were the pride and joy of the people. They were built to carry six passengers inside and two or more on top. They were drawn by two, sometimes by four, gayly caparisoned horses, and the entrance to a village or town was sure to be made at full gallop.

One day in the fall of 1847, as the coach from the West drew to a stop at Terre Haute, Ind., two young lawyers stood waiting for it for passage to Indianapolis. On entering they found a lone passenger, a man with a long body and long legs, lazily reclining in one of the back seats, his legs stretched out over the seat in front of him. He was dressed in an ill-fitting suit of clothes, and wrapped around his shoulders was a gray shawl, then a popular part of male attire. They sized him up as a back-country farmer probably on his way to Indianapolis to witness a sitting of the Legislature.

It at once occurred to them to have some sport with the farmer. They were not vicious, but were young and giddy. One of them later became a popular political orator and an accomplished diplomat. They began laying siege to their victim by asking the crop outlook in his section. He replied to their questions in regulation country drawl and accent.

Presently the farmer became loquacious and talked much about the hardships of farm life; the failure of the crops owing to the long dry spell, &c. He said the "colry morbis" had got among the hogs, killing most of them, and that the others were so poor they couldn't be fattened by killing time in January. He said the soil was so hard in his section that it wore the horses out in plowing. Some of his neighbors were experimenting with oxen, but they were too slow to suit him, and he was thinking of trying mules. On being asked if he had bought any mules he replied he had not, but that he had his eyes on a couple he thought he would get.

The talk turned to politics and the farmer said that in his section the people were not taking any active part. They had grown tired of having young snappers from the city sent out to tell them how to vote. Most of the farmers took a paper and could make up their minds without help from "politicians." The Whigs, he said, generally took the New York "Trybune," and the Democrats the Chicago Times. He was a Whig and took the "Trybune."

They asked him what social enjoyments were had in his section. He replied:

"The boys and gals have their dances, spellin' bees and singin' schools, while the older ones among the men take to pitchin' horseshoes and the wimmen to quilting and soap makin'."

"So the young people like to dance, do they?" asked one of the men. "What do they dance mostly?"

"Wall, there is what they call the cotillion they like pretty well, but they mostly like the munny must, pop goes the weasel and the kiss-me-quick. The gals like that one the best."

At that period a flaming comet was making nightly visits and there had been much discussion in the papers as to the probability of it coming in contact with the earth. This now furnished a topic of conversation between the young men, and they thought to astonish their traveling companion by their scientific learning. He "didn't know why they called the blarsted thing a com-it. It seems to me it ought to be called a go-it." They asked him what he thought would happen if the comet should strike the earth.

"It'll be pretty bad for that-air com-it, I guess. If it hits in our neighborhood the boys'll lasso th' pesky thing."

Thus the conversation went on hour after hour as the stage rolled along over what was

Wash. Post 2/12/30

called the National road. When it stopped in Indianapolis the three passengers alighted and entered a hotel, the supposed farmer entering first. There happened to be a member of the United States Senate and a member or two of the House of Representatives in the hotel. When they saw the new arrival they came quickly forward with "Hello, Lincoln, are you on your way to Washington?"

This enlightened the two young men, informing them, as it did, that while they thought they were making an innocent country farmer the butt of their wit, they had themselves been joked by a distinguished member of Congress who had a national fame as an orator. They quietly slipped out of the door and went to another hotel. The years went on without their again meeting Mr. Lincoln. They often thought of the stage episode, however.

1000

Father was named John Burnham
Topics of the Day *Salem Mass.*
When Lincoln Once Failed

BY DR. H. E. PRATT, BLOOMINGTON

The relator of this little hitherto unpublished incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln, which occurred in Bloomington, is the head of the department of History in Illinois Wesleyan university. He has made special studies of Illinois' great men, including Lincoln, Douglas and others and has written several monographs concerning them.—Editor.

As the season approaches for the observance of another birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, which falls on Feb. 12, one may ponder with wonder on the fact that the man whose fame now covers the civilized world and whose deeds occupy millions of pages in the world's histories, was once so little known to fame that one evening in Bloomington an



H. E. Pratt.

announced lecture by him drew an audience of only 40 persons; that he refused to address so small a "crowd", and that the charges for admission were repaid to the few who had given a quarter to hear him.

This incident I find in a letter which was kindly loaned to me by Charles B. Ives of Bloomington, who found it among the many papers which came into his possession after the death of the late Capt. J. H. Burnham, one time Bloomington editor, historian and officer in the Civil war.

This letter was recovered by Capt. Burnham among the trunk full of other letters which he found at the home of his father in Massachusetts after his father and mother had died. The packet of letters included many which Capt. Burnham had written to his parents during his army service in the Civil war.

But this particular letter telling of an interesting incident in the life of Lincoln was written to his father by Capt. Burnham immediately after Lincoln's nomination for the presidency in 1860.

The letter was dated May 19, 1860, and reads in part as follows:

Dear Father: (after speaking of certain private family matters): "Corn is our chief dependence here, and there is time enough yet this month for that. What you said of beef reminds me that this country sends off several thousand head of excellent beef cattle, most cornfed. There is a distillery near town, though, that fattened 300 of the fattest oxen I ever saw.

"Yesterday noon news came of the nomination of Lincoln. For a time we did not believe it, for we all thought here that Seward stood

the best chance, though the Illinois Republicans have worked desperately for the 'old Rail Splitter, as they call him; but didn't suppose the eastern delegates would back down so easily. They, the Illinois delegates, have learned to stick to a man through thick and thin, from the example of Douglas' friends.

"Well, perhaps you have never heard much about this Abe Lincoln, as he never did anything out of this state. In the first place, he is as honest a man as Honest John Davis, or old Harrison. In the second place, he is the homeliest man and the awkwardest man in the Sucker state. In the third place, he can tell a story better than any man in Illinois, and probably better than any other man in the world. These are the only qualifications he has which are at all superior to others in the Republican party.

"He is a powerful lawyer, and honest at that; has practiced all over the state, and is immensely popular in this state, and will give Douglas himself a tremendous hard pull.

"Last night there were bonfires on all the principal street corners and rejoicing till a late hour, and in two or three days there will be a grand ratification meeting.

"I have seen Lincoln several times, and heard him speak once. His popularity as a speaker consists in joking and story telling, and I have heard many better orators. I heard him one year ago on a law case. In the evening he was advertised to lecture on "Invention," for the benefit of the Ladies' Library association, admittance 25 cents. I paid a quarter and went early to get a seat. It was a beautiful evening, and the lecture had been advertised. But for some reason, not explained, only about 40 persons were present, and Old Abe wouldn't speak to such a small crowd, and they paid us back our quarters at the door. Nobody thought then that he would be the nominee for the presidency. But I love to tease his friends now about the lecture that I didn't hear.

"So much for Old Abe. Probably we shall have the hottest fight ever known in this state this fall. The cry is already 'Rails, Rails, Rails.' But I must close. Love to mother and all. Her letter came and shall be answered next. Your affectionate son, J. H. Burnham."

Although Mr. Burnham tells of the failure of Lincoln's lecture on one particular evening, the history books have authenticated statements that during the year 1858 he delivered his lecture on "Inventions" many times to crowded houses. One such occasion is recorded in The Pantagraph of that year, the lecture being given in Center Hall, a place long since passed out of existence.

In 1860, after Mr. Lincoln had been chosen the Republican nominee for President, a party of Indianapolis visited Springfield to call upon him, one of the young men, now a popular political orator, being among them. He thought Mr. Lincoln had long since forgotten the stage ride, or would not recognize him after the lapse of a dozen years. When he stepped forward to be introduced, Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, thus hailed him: "I say, Tom, did that air com-it hit the yearth?" The party at once knew there was a story behind that remark and insisted on hearing it. Lincoln related it in detail. The story caused much laughter, which was increased when one of the visitors inquired of Mr. Lincoln if he got the two mules he had his eyes on. "No," was the reply. "They slipped away at Indianapolis and went to another hotel."

FATE AND LINCOLN.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

One hundred and thirty-five years ago a father working in his field in a Kentucky clearing was shot and killed by Indians. His three sons were with him. The oldest ran to the house and reached it unharmed. The next in age ran in another direction for the nearest settlement. The youngest, a boy of 6, was seized by one of the attackers.

When the oldest boy looked out, after barring the door, he saw his brother in the grasp of an Indian. He took down the family musket, aimed through an opening and shot the Indian dead. The boy, released, made his way to the house. In a few hours a rescuing party from the settlement drove off the raiders.

The 6-year-old boy was Thomas Lincoln. He became the father of Abraham Lincoln.

Thirty-two years later two boys, chums, were strolling along Knob Creek, Hardin County, Kentucky. The younger, only 7 years old, attempted to swing himself over the creek on a sycamore tree. Midway he lost his hold and fell in. The other rescued him. The rescuer's name was Gallaher, and but few men have been privileged to perform equal service for their country.

The boy he rescued was Abraham Lincoln.

Twice death was cheated that America might be saved. It was chance, or something else. Most Americans prefer to believe it was something else.

Lincoln and the Bug.

Former Senator Mason of Illinois tells this story of Lincoln: He was driving along the road one day when he suddenly stopped the buggy. He saw a beetle upon its back at the roadside struggling vainly to regain its feet. Lincoln got out of the carriage and turned the bug over. As he re-entered the buggy he said: "Well, I feel better. I have done a good act. I have given that bug an equal show with all the other bugs on the earth."

5-17-30

(When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they would make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of \$25.

At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

—Stories and speeches of Abraham Lincoln

Creditor Paid Down Debt

A lawyer owed a wealthy man \$2.50, and since he would not pay up, the angry creditor decided to sue for the amount. Abraham Lincoln dissuaded him, saying:

"It will cost you more than you will get out of it."

"That does not matter."

"Very well, then, you must pay me a fee of \$10 right away."

Thereupon Lincoln called on his colleague, told him what had happened, shared the \$10 with him, and made him pay his debt of \$2.50.

Lincoln Needed Bus Fare. 1912

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—To the Editor: May I tell your readers a characteristic Lincoln story apropos of Mr. Evans' very interesting letter from Springfield on "Old Friends of Lincoln"?

I have never seen this one in print, but as it was told to me by Mr. Thayer in his historic store at Springfield over twenty years ago I think its genuineness cannot be doubted.

Mr. Thayer was Lincoln's travelling companion from New York to Springfield on the occasion of the latter's trip to the metropolis to make his address in Cooper Institute on the Storey question. Mr. Thayer related that as they neared Springfield Lincoln turned to him, saying: "Ned, loan me 75 cents. I'll have to take a bus at the depot, as I cannot well carry these packages." He had made a number of purchases in the city.

Mr. Thayer gave him the amount asked. Getting off of the car, they were separated in the crowd of people on the platform. Mr. Lincoln soon saw his wife at the end of the platform in her buggy, waiting to take her husband home with his bundles. By this time Mr. Thayer was some distance off. Lincoln called out to him in the hearing of hundreds of people: "Hey, Ned, my wife is here in the old buggy and I don't need the 75 cents." And, pushing his way through the crowd, he paid him back the money.

After his famous Cooper Institute speech, an address that thrilled the great metropolis and made the speaker the logical and available candidate of his party for the presidency, Lincoln returned to his home under the necessity of borrowing 75 cents for bus fare, and he was not ashamed for anyone to know it.

M. H. AMBROSE.

Stockings Might Have Fitted Lincoln's Hands

Even Abraham Lincoln had to bow a little to prevailing styles, a fact which recalls a highly amusing incident that happened on the eve of a big White House reception. It was one of those affairs at which the President would be compelled to shake hands with thousands of people and Mrs. Lincoln sent out for a box of white silk gloves, both to protect Mr. Lincoln's hands and to make sure that by frequent changes he would look neat and fresh throughout the reception.

The gloves came but were far too small to fit the mighty hands of Lincoln. An emergency call was sent out. All Washington sent gloves but none were large enough. Mrs. Lincoln was greatly vexed and on the verge of tears when the President turned to her and said with a chuckle:

"Better get me some of your stockings; they're bigger."—Los Angeles Times.

AN EPIC OF LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

BY FRANCES WIERMAN.

THE year 1818, when Abraham Lincoln was about 9 years old, was a most unhappy one. It was then, he afterward said, the seeds were sown which grew into the melancholy that marked his whole life.

Thomas Lincoln moved his family to the wilds of Indiana, and hastily put together a cabin eighteen feet square. It was open to the weather on one side and had no windows nor chimney. There Abraham endured the hardest winter of his hard childhood. The cabin was crowded and cold. The father found it almost impossible to provide his family with sufficient food and clothing.

But in that cabin was a mother. Her faith in God, and love for her children, fed their souls and warmed their hearts, even though their bodies lacked food and raiment. The mother's courage kept them all living from one day to the next. Lincoln, a master of English, was never able to put into words his love for her nor his gratitude for what she taught him. Her spirit rose above the privations of her daily life; and from those heights she handed down to her boy the eternal truths she had learned. Upon the clean pages of his mind she wrote her own tender and reverent ponderings.

While the winter was at its worst, the mother died.

Thomas Lincoln cleared a small space in the dense forest and made a coffin of green wood. No minister could attend. While a few relatives and friends stood around, the body of the mother was buried. The Lincolns returned to their bleak cabin, now destitute of the one thing that had made their life bearable. Thomas and the other grown people turned again to their tasks, feeling that they had done all that was possible for the dead woman.

Abraham suffered intensely. Bad weather kept him indoors, and his own thoughts were his closest companions.

What were those thoughts?

The boy knew that his mother was not dead. He realized that it was but her earthly shell which had been put out of sight in such a primitive fashion. But that shell had housed her white soul. More than once she had warmed the shivering child against her breast. When Abraham climbed the wooden pegs that led to his loft, and lay down on his bed of dried

leaves, he missed the goodnight kiss from her lips.

His mother's body was to him a sacred thing.

As he lay alone and listened to the sharp whistling of the wind and snapping of twigs under the weight of snow, Abraham thought of his mother's grave. He brooded over the fact that no religious ceremonies had been a part of her funeral. He felt that proper respect had not been paid to her body. His reverent spirit protested against a burial but little better than that given an animal.

Finally, in his labored hand, the 10-year-old boy wrote a letter to Elder Elkins of the Baptist church. He begged the elder to come, even though the mother had been buried several months, and preach a funeral sermon. Elder Elkins cheerfully consented. He traveled on horseback through the lonely country over one hundred miles, to the Lincoln cabin. For the second time a few relatives and neighbors gathered around the unmarked grave. The elder preached a sermon and offered prayer, and started back on his hundred-mile ride to his home.

As he lay down to sleep that night, Abraham was happy for the first time since his mother's death. And where was the spirit of that mother? She must have been very near that night to her 10-year-old son, who had already given proofs of a nature superior to anyone around him.

A Lincoln Story

Back in the days when folks took their politics seriously, Abraham Lincoln addressed an Illinois county seat gathering in behalf of the newly-formed Republican party.

Four thousand people heard the speech. Lincoln talked from two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly sunset. As he ceased, and descended the platform, his audience gravely stepped aside to make an aisle down which Abe walked in stony silence. Not a cheer. Not a word. Not a sound.

The faithful half-dozen members of the local committee were deeply depressed. But Lincoln raised a deprecating hand. "Why, this meeting was a great success!" he declared. "We didn't make any votes—but we made memories. We'll get them yet!"

And get them he did. When a few years later, as President of the United States, he sent a call for volunteers to join the union army, an overwhelming majority of these stolid, silent men marched to the recruiting office, and just as silently signed the roll.

Lincoln knew something that many of us have not yet learned. He knew that enthusiasm quickly aroused may as quickly disappear. The stolid, silent man may be harder to sell, but once you get his confidence, he is yours for keeps.

Don't underestimate the man who is slow to make up his mind. He is likely to be equally slow in *unmaking* it!

❧❧❧

Lincoln Knew His Destination

One of Abraham Lincoln's political opponents in a congressional campaign was a Methodist circuit rider named Peter Cartwright. Naturally the evangelist, who was a fiery talker, had many friends among churchmen, whereas Lincoln, who was not a member of any congregation, was at a disadvantage in this respect.

One day Lincoln happened to be in the church where Cartwright preached. Cartwright thought he could trick his opponent into making a public confession of faith or being branded as a non-Christian.

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, to go to heaven, will stand," shouted the speaker. Many stood, but Lincoln was not among them.

"All who do not wish to go to hell will stand," thundered the evangelist. Only Lincoln remain seated.

Right there Cartwright made his mistake. "May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln, where you are going?"

FOUR

76 *1116* NET RESULTS *931*

Lincoln rose slowly. The congregation was expectant. What would be his answer?

"I came here as a respectful listener," he answered quietly. "I did not know I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going. I desire to reply with equal directness. I am going to Congress."

And by that speech he won votes in that congregation which would otherwise have gone to his opponent.

One morning the President sat reading in his chair while the Cabinet members were gathering. Stanton came in and Lincoln began reading him passages from Artemus Ward's "Wax Works in Albany."

After a time Stanton became fidgety and suggested business. Lincoln lay aside his book and drew a paper from his drawer. It was the Emancipation Proclamation.

Artemus Ward has never received full credit for the help he gave in saving the republic. He was willing to give all his wife's relations to the Union Army, he said. However, this was not his only contribution. His fun was more than a battery of bullets. His shafts of sunshine lit Lincoln on his way through many a dark hour.

What the world needs this feverish moment is a first-class humorist. The solemn declarations of nervous writers and stupid politicians need blowing up by some wit.

No doubt you boys have all read the story of the time when Lincoln, walking with a friend, met a negro who lifted his hat to the two men. Lincoln lifted his hat in turn to the negro.

"Because," was the reply, "I cannot afford to be less polite than a negro."

Now, can we boys, whether we're white or black, afford to be less polite than a hero? Yes, we can.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

LINCOLN'S INFLUENCE WITH THE ADMINISTRATION

Many smiles have been caused by the quaint remark of the President, "My dear sir, I have not much influence with the administration."

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, once replied to an order from the President, to give a colonel a commission in place of the resigning brigadier:

"I shan't do it, sir. I shan't do it. I don't propose to argue the question with you, sir."

A few days after the friend of the applicant that presented the order to Stanton called upon the President and related his reception. "A look of vexation came over the face of the President, and he seemed unwilling to talk of it, and desired me to see him another day. I did so, when he gave me a positive order for the promotion. I told him I would not speak to Stanton again until he apologized. 'Oh,' said the President, 'Stanton has gone to Fortress Monroe, and Dana is acting. He will attend to it for you.' This he said with a manner of relief, as if it was a piece of good luck to find a man there who would obey his orders. The nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed."

Lincoln was the actual head of the administration, and whenever he chose to do so he controlled Stanton, as well as the other Cabinet ministers.

One instance will suffice:

Stanton on one occasion said: "Now, Mr. President, those are the facts and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln replied in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with vigor: "Mr. President, I cannot do it. This order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eyes upon Stanton, and in a firm voice and accent that clearly showed his determination he said: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

Abraham Lincoln

(Condensed from *The Golden Word*)

ON THE twelfth of February, 1809 a baby was born into a little cabin placed on a stony hillside, in what is now the central section of the great State of Kentucky. This baby was Abraham Lincoln. The boyhood of Lincoln was hard and comfortless. There was but little fun and frolic about it; there were no games to play and no boys and girls to play with; the nearest school was eight miles away. His schooling was short; counting all the days together he attended only about a year.

As he grew older he laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks. He was never cruel, mean or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins"—that is, catching terrapins and putting hot coals on their backs to make them move faster.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper that he could get hold of, and, if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember, he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and he would either learn it by heart or hide the shingle until he could get paper to copy it on.

As he grew older Lincoln turned his hand to any honest work which came his way. He has become known to every one as a railsplitter. Once he came upon a poor fellow whom he knew to be in a bad way, chopping up an old hut, which he had been hired to split into firewood. The day was raw, the man was barefooted and thinly clothed; he looked sick and pitiful; he was cold and shivering. Lincoln stopped and spoke to the poor woodchopper.

"See here! how much do you get for this job?" he asked.

"A dollar," said the man. "I've got to have it to get me some shoes."

Lincoln took the ax from the man. "You go in and warm yourself," he said. Then he swung the ax until he had the job finished. So the poor woodchopper got his dollar and his shoes.

Lincoln did everything he could to improve his education. He tried especially to learn to speak and write correctly. He was inquisitive, active and hardy and in his boyhood he had learned lessons of self-denial, independence, pluck, shrewdness, kindness, and persistence. These lessons helped him to go ahead until as you know he became President of the United States.

When Lincoln Moved

THE Hon. William M. Springer, for long a member of Congress, representing the Springfield Congressional District of Illinois, who was for some time chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, knew Abraham Lincoln. From Mr. Springer's lips the narrator heard this story of a time when Abraham Lincoln was a struggling lawyer.

From Kentucky there came to Springfield a man named Speed, who opened and successfully conducted a general store, more than half a century ago; in fact, many years before the name of Lincoln became known outside his Springfield environments. Speed's store contained substantially everything in the way of merchandise, from pins and needles to furniture and buffalo overcoats. Around his big cannon stove there frequently gathered such men as Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, Richard Yates, and "Dick" Oglesby.

One winter afternoon Mr. Lincoln asked Speed how much it would cost him to "rig out" a back room of his office with a small bed and bedding. He said that times were hard, and he felt the need of saving the expense of room rent.

Speed said that his clerk was going to leave him and go back to Kentucky; that he had engaged the services of a young man in Springfield who lived with his parents. There was a room over the store for which he would charge no rent to Lincoln, if he could be satisfied with its rough condition and scant furniture. Mr. Lincoln ran up-stairs, tramped around for a few minutes, came down, and went out. In about half an hour he returned, carrying across his shoulders an enormous saddle-bag. Mr. Lincoln went up-stairs again, dropped his burden on to the floor, and immediately came down. Seating himself beside the big stove, he said,

"Well, Speed, I've moved!"

**WHY MR. LINCOLN HESITATED
BEFORE HE SIGNED THE
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION**

The roll containing the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward, and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said, "That will do!"

HOW LINCOLN OBTAINED THE NAME OF "HONEST ABE."

During the year that Lincoln was in Denton Offutt's store, that gentleman, whose business was somewhat widely and unwisely spread about the country, ceased to prosper in his finances, and finally failed. The store was shut up, the mill was closed, and Abraham Lincoln was out of business. The year had been one of great advance, in many respects. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered the grammar of his own tongue, won multitudes of friends, and became ready for a step still further in advance. Those who could appreciate brains respected him, and those whose ideas of a man related to his muscles were devoted to him. It was while he was performing the work of the store that he acquired the sobriquet "Honest Abe"—a characterization that he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew. He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh, horse-flesh, a pacificator in all quarrels, everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem and the region round about.

They Got The Hint

By E. E. EDGAR

President Lincoln often resorted to story telling to get a point across effectively. At one time he used this method to get rid of two persistent, non-qualified office seekers.

"Once a king on the way to hunt in the forest met an old farmer," began Lincoln.

"Your Majesty," said the farmer, "you shouldn't go hunting today. It is sure to rain."

"Impossible," replied the king, "my court astrologer has predicted fair weather."

"Sure enough it rained and the royal party was soaked to the skin. As a result, the astrologer was dismissed and the old farmer was engaged in his place."

"You should hire my donkey, not me," said the farmer. "He puts his ears forward when it is going to rain and back when it is going to be fair."

"The donkey was brought to the palace," continued Lincoln. "But it was the greatest mistake the king ever made."

"Why?" asked the two job seekers. "Didn't the donkey perform his duty?"

"Oh yes, very well," replied Lincoln. "But since that day, every donkey wants to hold office."

The two office seekers took the hint and departed.

DOGGEREL BY LINCOLN

In '63 He Wrote Comic Verse
on Lee's Invasion of North

Special to The New York Times.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 11

—Four lines of comic verse
written by Abraham Lincoln
were found in a collection
of papers of John Hay, his war-
time Secretary.

Written July 19, 1863, two
months after the Battle of Gettys-
burg, it was titled by Lincoln
“Lee's invasion of the
North” written by himself.” It

25
Eighteen sixty three, with
 pomp, and mighty swell,
 and Jeff's Confederacy, went
 forth to sack Phil-del,
 the Yankees they got arter us,
 and gin us partic'lar hell,
 And we skedaddled back again,
 and didn't sack Phil-del.

The papers were presented to
Brown University last year by
John Hay Whitney, United
States Ambassador to Britain
and Hay's grandson.

Hay's diary said of the verse:
“The Tycoon was in very good
humor. Early in the morning
he scribbled this doggerel and
gave it to me.”

Quips on Candidates

Lincoln's Remarks Still True

"REMEMBER THAT when not a very great man begins to be mentioned for a very great office, his head is very likely to be turned."

"The most reliable indication of public purpose in this country is derived through our popular elections."

"IT IS NOT the qualified voters, but the qualified voters who choose to vote, that constitute the political power of the nation."

"A constitutional majority is the only true sovereign of the people."

"I WOULD NOT borrow money. I am against an overwhelming crushing system. Suppose that each session Congress shall first determine how much money can, for that year, be spared for improvements; then apportion that sum to the most important objects . . . the prelimited amount of means will save us from doing too much and the statistics will save us from doing what we do in the wrong places."

"If ever American society and the United States government are demoralized and overthrown, it will come from the voracious desire for office, this wriggle to live without toil, work and labor."

"THESE OFFICE-SEEKERS are a curse on the country; no sooner was my election certain, than I became the prey of hundreds of hungry, persistent applicants for office, whose highest ambition is to feed at the government's crib."

"It does seem to me that the purpose in life of at least one half of the nation is that they should live comfortably at the expense of the other half."

LINCOLN WROTE in 1861 to Maj. George Ramsey: "The lady bearer of this note says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it, if possible. Wanting to

work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged."

"I say 'try'; if we never try, we shall never succeed."—A. Lincoln telegram to Gen. McClellan, 1862.

Lincoln, who had always shined his shoes, continued to do so in the White House. When a member of his cabinet remarked, "Mr. Lincoln, gentlemen do not black their own boots," the President asked, "Whose boots do they black?"

Lincoln on Government And Candidates For Office

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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HE STOOD FOR PEACE

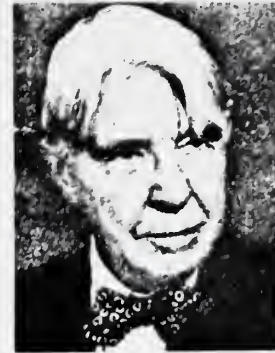
Born February 12, 1809, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, in a clay floor cabin, no windows and one door, Abraham Lincoln grew up in wilderness, in summer barefoot, his winter footwear deerskin moccasins.

Grammar, history, surveying he learned from books alone, often by candle or woodfire light. The family moved to Indiana, then to



1809: The frontier cabin

What manner of man was he, who could be so humble and so inspired, so simple and so mighty, so endearing and enduring?



MOST FAMOUS of all the biographies of Lincoln was written not by a historian but by a poet. Carl Sandburg's monumental work—"The Prairie Years" (two volumes), and "The War Years" (four volumes)—runs to 3,500 pages. It is probably the most impressive record of Lincoln's life and spirit ever penned. But poets can be terse as well as eloquent. Here Mr. Sandburg writes the shortest of all biographies of the man who believed in "... a just and lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations."

Illinois, where the boy of 21 took up life at New Salem, pioneer hilltop on the Sangamon River. As a storekeeper in New Salem, Lincoln was popular, well liked, but a business failure. Moving from New Salem to nearby Springfield, he there practiced law and spent most of his life.

In politics he won office in eight out of eleven elections. Amid conditions requiring a "dark horse" candidate for President he was elected and took oath of office amid the wild storm of a divided nation.

He headed and directed the 1861-65 war of the Northern States against Southern secession and independence. His was the master mind of a conflict employing larger armies across a wider area than ever before in human history. If Washington achieved independence for the American Republic, Lincoln was more than any other man the architect of the Union.

The chief memorial to him is a united nation and a love and reverence of him among millions in America and in the Family of Man over the earth. More than 6000 books and pamphlets have been written about him.

His acts and utterances over fifty-six years of life are taken by many, the world over, as the best personal key to the mysteries of democracy and popular government. He is seen as a symbol of his nation being truly "the last best hope of earth."

The marvelously mingled tragic and comic elements of his personality brought one comment: "Perhaps no other human clay-pot has held more laughter and tears."



1861: The Inauguration

They Could Not Fool Abe

The great gulf between Abraham Lincoln and some of the catch-penny presidents of a later era was never more clearly revealed than in the effort of Karl Marx and the First Internationale held in 1864 to advance their cause by capitalizing on Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

Mr. Lincoln received a letter lauding him as "the single-minded son of the working class" who was leading his nation through a bloody struggle for "the reconstruction of a social world."

The letter was signed by three score people, among them Karl Marx. But the cat was let out of the bag in a letter which Marx wrote to Engels in which he admitted that he wrote the letter to Lincoln in the expectation that he might receive from the great American leader a reply that his agitators could circulate in Europe to telling effect.

But Lincoln, who had been accustomed to putting the angleworms on his own hook instead of leaving that work for a butler, recognized the bait. He directed Charles Francis Adams, one of his leading diplomats, to acknowledge re-

ceipt of the letter, and to inform Marx and his fellows that America was "abstaining everywhere from propagandism and striving to do equal and exact justice to all states and to all men."

Lincoln certainly was a son of the working class but he had nothing for the so-called "class struggle" excepting his scorn.

Lincoln was humble, simple, friendly, but men who were a great deal smarter than Karl Marx found him extremely difficult to josh and jolly. With those great and melancholy eyes of his, Lincoln saw right through the schemers and he never forgot Ben Franklin's story of the man who had an axe to grind. Had Lincoln wanted to reply to Marx at length he might have quoted a sentence from an address of his respecting the various classes in America. He said:

"When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that he knows he can better his condition; he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life."

Marx was very much disappointed with Lincoln. He was equally as disappointed with America.

Appleton Post-Crescent

MAR 8 - 1950

LINCOLN'S VISITORS.

"This human struggle and scramble for office, for a way to live without work, will finally test the strength of our institutions," said President Lincoln, one day, after the office-seekers had been unusually numerous and persistent. They used to thrust their papers into his hands when he rode, and dogged his steps while he walked.

One day, as the President was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, a man ran after him, hailed him, and thrust a bundle of papers into his hands.

"I am not going to open shop here!" said the indignant President, and he tossed back the papers, and walked on.

All sorts of people called on the President, with all sorts of requests. One day a friend of his, being in the audience chamber, saw an attractive, handsomely dressed woman talking with him. As she was a good talker, and winning in her ways, the friend thought she must be making an impression.

Finally the President wrote a few words on a card and, enclosing it in an envelope, directed her to take it to the Secretary of War. First, however, he showed the card to the friend. It read: "This woman, dear Stanton, is a little smarter than she looks to be." She had overstated her case.

On another day, two women, dressed in humble attire, sat waiting their turn. "Well, ladies," said the tired President at last, "what can I do for you?" They both began speaking at once, pleading for the release of two men imprisoned for resisting the draft. One, an old lady, was the mother of the men, the other was her daughter-in-law.

"Stop! don't say any more; give me your petition," replied the President.

"Mr. Lincoln," answered the old lady, "we've got no petition; we couldn't write one and had no money to pay for writing one, and I thought best to come and see you."

The President rang his bell and ordered a messenger to tell General Dana to bring him the names of all the men in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

"These fellows have suffered long enough," said he to the general, on looking at the list; "I have thought so for some time, and believe I will turn out the whole flock. Draw up an order, general, and I will sign it." It was done; the general left the room, and the President, turning to the women, said, "Now, ladies, you can go."

The younger of the two ran forward and was in the act of kneeling in thankfulness; but the President, preventing her, said, "Get up! don't kneel to me, but thank God *and go*."

The old lady, with tears in her eyes, said, "Good-by, Mr. Lincoln; I shall probably never see you again till we meet in heaven."

The President, deeply moved, took her right hand in both of his, saying, "I am afraid that with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of; but if I do I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-by."

"That old lady," said the President to the friend who narrates the anecdote in Herndon's "Life of Lincoln," "was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Ends 90-Year Grudge

TODAY IS BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN; STORY OF ABE, GOAT RECALLED

This is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. A man named Milt Hay, who knew Lincoln personally, used to tell this story about him:

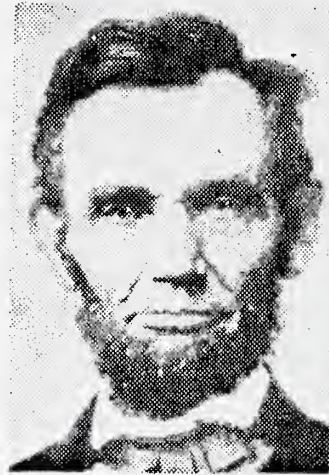
A bunch of boys had been pestering a goat. They wanted to make him mad enough to go for people. Finally, he got so excited he was all ready to butt the first person he saw.

Deep in thought, Abe Lincoln came walking down the street on his way to the law office. His hands were clasped behind him, and his chin rested on his chest.

That goat spotted him, lowered his head, and charged.

Just in time, Mr. Lincoln saw what was happening. He grabbed the goat's horns and held him motionless. Then he bent down, put his face alongside the goat's, and said mighty slow and easy:

"Now—there— isn't—any—good—reason — why — you — should—want—to—harm—me—and—there — isn't — any good—reason—why—I—should—want—to—harm—you. The — world—is—big—enough—for—both—of — us — to — live — in. If—you—behave—yourself—as—you—ought—to — and — if — I — behave—myself—like—I—ought—to— we'll—get—along—without—a—cross—word—or — action— and — we'll—live—in—peace—and—harmony—like—good— neighbors."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

24 PUGHANL OFFER 100

"My first meeting with Lincoln was in May, 1860, at Decatur, Ill.," said Mr. James D. Hurd of Springfield, O., to a Chicago Tribune reporter. "Follett, Foster & Co., publishers of the Ohio State Journal at Columbus, sent me out to see Lincoln in regard to the nomination. I carried in my pocket a letter of introduction from Samuel B. Galloway. I reached Decatur May 11. The next morning I set out to find the State Convention, which was then about to nominate Dick Yates for Governor. Van Amburg's circus happened to be in town, and as there were no halls in the place large enough to accommodate so large a gathering, the walls of the circus tent were partly let down from the top, the animal wagons were run out on the prairie and the delegates took their places.

"I had been commissioned by Follett, Foster & Co. to deliver to Lincoln 500 copies of the Lincoln-Douglas debate for campaign use. The books were neatly bound in morocco. The express company refused to deliver the books because the circus tent was so far away, so I hunted up a man with a dray, had the boxes hauled out and dumped beside the speakers' platform. Then I marched up to Lincoln, who was taking an active part in the convention, and presented my letter of introduction.

"He took it, read it, then bent his tall form toward me and looking down with a twinkle in his eye said:

"Young man, you are a pretty small boy to be so far away from home."

"Yes," I replied, "but I was thought large enough to do an errand. I have brought you something, Mr. Lincoln."

"With this I turned to the box and taking out a book handed it to him. He saw instantly what it was. Accepting it hesitatingly he turned the volume over awkwardly two or three times, then looking down at me again he inquired:

"What am I to do with these?"

"Give them to your friends."

"Well, now, I suppose it would be a sensible way to dispose of them," he exclaimed, and, writing his name on the fly-leaf, he handed the volume to a gentleman who stood near.

"I took the books out of the box one by one and passed them up to Lincoln, who, after affixing his autograph, gave them to his friends.

"Soon after I went over to the depot to come up to Chicago and found Long John Wentworth there. While waiting for the train we heard a tremendous shout in the direction of the tent.

"There!" exclaimed Long John, "Dick Yates is nominated."

"And sure enough he was."

Lincoln Before His Nomination.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] 1863

"Abraham Lincoln was not expecting to be nominated for President of the United States in 1860," said James D. Hurd, of Springfield, O., yesterday, as his glance fell upon a portrait of the illustrious Illinoisan in the Tribune building. Mr. Hurd is somewhat under medium height, with snow-white hair and mustache, a frank, pleasing face, and an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences.

"No, he told his friends less than ten days before the convention," continued Mr. Hurd, "that he thought his chances of being struck by lightning were as good as his chance of getting the nomination. But Judge David Davis and some other staunch friends were doing some quiet work for Lincoln. How effective it was we all know.

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Globe Democrat 1893

SADRY. BB. 11. 1832

In one of his debates with Stephen A. Douglas during that Senatorial campaign, Judge Douglas tried to dismiss from the people's mind Lincoln's apprehensions for the Union by urging the people to trust in Providence. To this Lincoln replied by saying that if the country acted upon this advice it might find itself in the fix of the old woman whose horse ran away with her in the buggy. She said that "she trusted in Providence till the britchin' broke and then she didn't know what on airth to do!" *W. L. G. 12/18/32*

A. Lincoln . . President and punster

When the Union was divided as the world is now, another man in the White House, a sad, bearded giant, eased tensions with a jest, pricked the pompous with a pun and won his points with "a little story."

To a faultfinder who said that Gen. Ulysses S. Grant should be dismissed for drunkenness "because he drank 12 bottles of wine at a sitting," President Abraham Lincoln replied: "That is more than I can swallow."

To a manufacturer who asked, "How shall we get cotton?" Lincoln

wanted to discuss the national debt, Lincoln assured him that "its great interest claims my most devoted attention."

Seeing the sign of a merchant—"T. R. Strong"—Lincoln said: "Haw, T. R. Strong but coffee is stronger."

One of his most atrocious puns goes back to his rail splitter days. Asked about the age of a tree he was eyeing, he said, "I am not sure; but I am just about to ax it."

Lincoln was bothered endlessly by office-seekers. One applicant cited



Reynolds Archive

Little Mac. In 1864, George B. McClellan, a general fired by Lincoln, ran against him. A cartoonist saw it as just another joke to Abe.

replied: "Well, I suppose you must wait until the Southerners get worsted."

To Mrs. Lincoln, who asked if he had heard that a friend was being prosecuted for bigamy, Lincoln is reported to have said: "Yes, and I am sorry for her, for her crime is that she loved not wisely but *two* well."

Best-sellers. Many "little stories" have been attributed to Lincoln. Some were his and others probably were not. Publishers of his time, rushing into print with paper-backed collections of Lincoln stories, sometimes credited him with moth-eaten jokes to swell their products.

The books show Lincoln as a punster above all. For instance, he approved a promotion for Gen. Joseph Hooker on the ground that the war "must be won by Hooker by Crook" (referring to another Union general, George Crook).

When he sent a certain admiral to enforce a blockade, he said there was no chance of failure as "the person sent carries with him a blockhead nothing can penetrate." When Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase

all the votes he had got together for the President. "Then you made me President?" demanded Lincoln. "I helped," came the reply. "Then a precious mess you got me into," cried Lincoln. "That is all."

A New York lawyer who was seeking a judgeship told Lincoln that there were only ten judges to transact the state's business. "And you want me to increase them to a hundred?" asked Lincoln. "How so?" inquired the lawyer. "Why, by adding a cipher to 10!" said Lincoln.

Naturally! A worthy not even in the Army wanted a generalship. On his application a clerk noted that the petitioner did not say whether he wanted to be a brigadier or major general. Lincoln wrote: "Major general, I reckon, A. Lincoln."

Ill once with varioloid, a mild form of smallpox, Lincoln is said to have chortled: "I've got something now I can give everybody!"

It was by such humor that Lincoln found relief from the tragedies into which history had plunged him.

The stories, like the man, belong to the ages.

How Lincoln Saved North Side Soldier

An old letter today revealed the story of how Abraham Lincoln saved the life of a Pittsburgh soldier sentenced to die.

The soldier was Pvt. Peter Gilner, whose home was on Robinson Street near Sandusky in old Allegheny, now Pittsburgh's North Side. In those days that was a good residential district, and his father operated a clothing store in Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Peter had enlisted in Company F of the 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers on July 22, 1861. He apparently had served well for more than two years before he suddenly went berserk.

Details of what he did, have been lost, but on Oct. 17, 1863, he was sentenced to be shot. The charges included desertion, disorderly conduct and striking an officer.

For six months Pvt. Gilner's fate hung in the balance until on April 27 President Lincoln

wrote the letter discovered last week by King V. Hostick of Springfield, Ill.

Sent to Gen. Meade

Directed to Maj. Gen. George G. Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, it read:

"Your dispatch about Pvt. Peter Gilner received. Dispose of him precisely as you would under the recent order, if he were under sentence of death for desertion, and execution suspended by me. A. Lincoln."

The letter had been known to Lincoln biographers, and printed with his correspondence, years ago. But it had disappeared from about 1900 until Mr. Hostick found it among some old papers last week.

One of a Series

It was only one of a series of letters which Lincoln wrote on behalf of Pvt. Gilner, some of which are totally lost.

Three days after the letter was written, a court-martial sentenced the young soldier

to three years, imprisonment in the Dry Tortugas, an island prison settlement off the coast of Florida.

Apparently he was not sent there at once. For on Sept. 20, Lincoln wrote another letter to Gen. Meade:

"If you have not executed the sentence in the case of Pvt. Peter Gilner, Co. F, 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, let it be suspended until further orders. Report to me. A. Lincoln."

By this time Congressman James Moorhead, prominent Pittsburgh industrialist, had interested himself in Gilner's behalf. Perhaps this was because he lived in Allegheny City, not far from the Gilner home.

Wire to Lincoln

On Oct. 12, either under a misapprehension, or because there had been some change in plans, he wired the President: "Please stay the execution of Peter Gilner, 62nd Pa. Letter by mail."

The letter has been lost. But three days later he wired again.

"Have you respited or pardoned Peter Gilner? Answer."

Apparently Meade had not made the report asked by Lincoln the previous month, for the President wired Moorhead: "I do not remember about the Peter Gilner case, and must look it up before I can answer. A. Lincoln."

Soon, however, the investi-

gation brought results. For records at Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall show that on Oct. 19 Gilner was released on a presidential pardon.

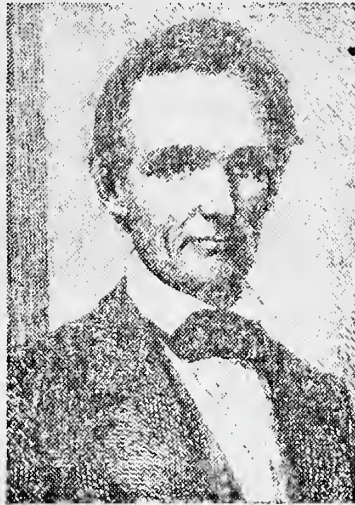
A Man Who Knew Abraham Lincoln Never Let People Forget Him

Editor The Herald: I knew a man who knew Lincoln.

As Lincoln's Birthday is remembered each year, I remember Harry Giesking who lived in Iowa. All through his life, Harry told everyone who would listen about his meeting with Abraham Lincoln.

Harry worked for Lincoln's brother on a farm in Pennsylvania. When the Civil War broke out, he was 14 years of age but wanted to join the Union Army. All his pleas for enlistment were denied.

Finally in desperation he obtained a letter from Lincoln's brother, and he walked to Washington with all his possessions dangling from a stick on his shoulder.



Lincoln was very busy those days. Harry waited a long

time at the White House, and finally his letter of introduction was presented.

Lincoln was so impressed by Harry's determination that he asked Harry to stay overnight. After breakfast the next morning the matter of enlistment came up.

Finally, Lincoln placed his large right hand on Harry's shoulder and said: "Harry, I am proud of you. You are young and small, but you'll stop a bullet for a bigger man."

Harry walked back to Pennsylvania with a letter from Lincoln and was soon in the Army. He served with honor and lived to a ripe old age.

SAMSON PEDERSON

March 6, 1911 2/11

Library Fooled By 'Honest Abe'

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 11 (UPI)—Abraham Lincoln may have cheated a little the first time he borrowed a book from the Illinois State Library. Secretary of State Paul Powell has revealed.

Powell said the future President signed the library register on Dec. 16, 1842, with the name of his law partner, S. T. Logan, who was at that time a member of the state legislature and eligible to borrow books. Lincoln was not.

Lincoln's image more mortal than in past

Youth more sophisticated

By **KEVIN McDERMOTT**

STAFF WRITER

When Richard Leet begins talking about America's 16th president today, his young audience probably will envision a different man than he does.

The image of Abraham Lincoln is changing, according to scholars and teachers. The folksy railsplitter-turned-saint that earlier generations learned about is a little more human these days, with all the complexities and flaws that go with it.

Leet, the 65-year-old national president of the Boy Scouts of America, grew up on a Lincoln who was just short of being a god. But to the mass of Boy Scouts who will assemble at Lincoln's Tomb to hear Leet talk, Honest Abe likely seems almost as much politician as deity.

And, ironically, they might find him more interesting because of it.

"Kids of my generation tended to look at Lincoln as a historic figure; now, I think they see a person torn with complicated problems," said Leet, the featured speaker at the Boy Scout's annual Lincoln Pilgrimage in Springfield today.

"We didn't talk much about the flaws of historic people — and I don't want to belabor that now," Leet said Friday. "But I think young people today have a more sophisticated view of history."

Today marks the 47th year that the Boy Scouts' Abraham Lincoln Council in Springfield has sponsored the pilgrimage to Lincoln's tomb to honor the slain president.

Leet, an Eagle Scout and retired vice chairman of the Amoco Corp., said he will discuss Lincoln's youth, and remind his audience of how much they can accomplish in life, regardless of where they start from.

However, he said he's well aware the simple myths about Lincoln don't wash with kids today. It's a lesson history teachers are learning as well.

"When I was growing up, it was more of the fairy-tale story," said Steve Rambach, history department

chairman at Lanphier High School.

"You have to make this more interesting today, because these kids were raised in a Nintendo world," Rambach said. "Kids still need heroes in this age, and if you present him as a human being, they relate to him as one."

That was part of the philosophy behind school District 186's creation of an educational laser disc about Lincoln's life — and also behind Ken Burns' landmark documentary "The Civil War," another television tool frequently used in the classrooms these days to teach the myth-free Lincoln.

But more important than the technological changes in the way Lincoln is taught, Leet said, are the changes in the way the lessons of his life are viewed.

For example, he said, the modern emphasis on race relations — issues which weren't examined or even acknowledged by history for a full century after the Civil War — makes Lincoln's role in abolition more interesting now than it might have seemed to children of past generations.

"Because of the awareness of the relationship between the races, I think there's almost an understanding (of Lincoln) that's deeper with young people today," he said.

Nonetheless, some proven old themes still play well.

"Here was sort of an ideal image of the American Dream," Leet said. "He had no privileges (in childhood), except his mind. The message is: If people of that era could become leaders who have a massive effect ... think of the responsibility young people have today, with so many more resources."

The Boy Scouts' annual Lincoln ceremony at Oak Ridge Cemetery will begin with a band concert at 1:30 p.m. The placement of a memorial wreath on Lincoln's Tomb will take place at 2 p.m. The main portion of the program will begin at 2:15 p.m. After the program, a 1½ mile parade of scout units from the steps of the State Capitol Building will be held.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, Editor

It was ninety years ago that Abraham Lincoln was first nominated and elected president of the United States. Perhaps that accounts for the revival of books and stories and plays about him.

The more we read of Lincoln, the more we want to read, and the more we admire this man who was equal to any emergency, this man who was so common and yet so great.

When at the age of 23 he made his first political speech in running for the State Assembly of Illinois, this is the way he began: "Fellow citizens, I presume you all know who I am—I am humble Abraham Lincoln." And throughout his life, to the time that Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages," he was, in his own estimation, humble Abraham Lincoln.

Two of the Lincoln books we have recently acquired make much of their copyright protection. They clearly state in the front that "No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of" the holder of the copyright.

The authors have indeed produced valuable literature; they have gone to much time and expense to do so, and of course are entitled to reap as much financial reward as possible for their efforts.

But if we ever write a book, we shall have printed in the front of it,— "The reader is privileged to quote as much as he likes. The contents of this book are as free as the rain which drops from heaven to freshen and enrich the earth." And probably no one would care to quote from it. There is something in the idea that what one obtains easily he values lightly.

Nevertheless we like this dedication made by Emanuel Hertz in the front of his book entitled, "Lincoln Talks,"

"To all the speakers and writers who have ever used, or intend to use a 'Lincoln Story,' this collection—from which they are hereby invited to borrow (within reason and with acknowledgments) — is respectfully dedicated."

Taking Mr. Hertz at his word we are filling our column this week with these stories from which we have enjoyed more than one hearty laugh:—

Abe Lincoln, when a boy, had an uncle who kept a mill down west. Noticing that the mill was going very slowly, the young joker on meeting the miller, said he could eat the meal faster than the mill ground it.

"How long could you do so?" said his uncle.

"Why, till I starved to death," Abe replied.

—Legacy of Fun.

"My deceased uncle," said Lincoln, "was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a trip on the Mississippi when the boat sank. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat and said, 'La-

dies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

Legacy of Fun.

He was once asked by the farmer who employed him if he could slaughter a pig, to which he replied, in the manner of the Irishman who was asked to play the violin (and said) that he had never done it, but he could try. "If you will risk the pig, I will risk myself," said he.

—Boys' Life.

When young Lincoln joined the Sangamon Militia and entered on the Black Hawk War campaign, his colonel was a small snipe of a fellow about four feet three inches. Abe had a rather slouching look and gait at that time and, attracted by his awkward appearance, the dapper little colonel thus saluted the future executive: "Come, Abe, hold up your head; higher, fellow!" "Yes, sir."

"Higher, fellow, higher." Abe stretched his lank neck to its greatest altitudinous tension and said: "What—so, sir?" "Yes, fellow, a little higher." "And am I always to remain so?" "Yes, fellow, certainly!"

Then said Abe with a woeful countenance, "Good-bye, Colonel, for I shall never see you again!"

—Herndon.

In Illinois in a city now called Lincoln occurred the incident that gave Abraham Lincoln the name of "Honest Old Abe."

He was trying a simple case of collection on a note. The defendant went on the stand and showed a receipt for payment in full, given him by the plaintiff.

Mr. Lincoln asked his client: "Did you know he held this receipt?"

"Yes, but I thought he had forgotten it."

Mr. Lincoln abruptly left the court house and went to the hotel. A few moments after, the judge sent a messenger to him to come and finish the case. "You go tell the judge that I am washing my hands," replied Mr. Lincoln.

—Judge Samuel H. Treat.

In one lawsuit Lincoln was opposed by a lawyer who was a glib courtroom orator but a shallow thinker given to reckless and irresponsible statements.

"My friend on the other side," said Lincoln, "is all right, or would be all right if it were not for a physical peculiarly which I am about to explain."

"His habit, of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen, in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or blemish. He can't help it. The oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind."

"I never knew but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a steamboat. Back

in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon river. It had a five foot boiler and a seven foot whistle, and every time it whistled the boat stopped."

—Senator Daniel W. Voorhees.

Lincoln told of a case in which a man was charged with mistreating a livery stable horse. A witness testified: "When his company rides fast he rides fast, and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know," said the important lawyer for the other side, "how he rides when he rides alone."

"W-e-l-l," said the witness, a slow talker, "I never was with him when he was alone; so I don't know."

—Wordsworth: Lincoln Anecdotes.

After listening some time one day to a would-be client's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, he suddenly swung around in his chair, and exclaimed: "Well, you have got a good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing and talking to the jury, I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I would forget myself and say it out loud."

—Gen. John H. Littlefield.

A certain rich man in Springfield vindictively pursued a poor man, who, as he alleged, owed him \$2.50. The poor man denied the debt and would not pay.

The man of wealth asked Lincoln to enter suit, but Abe was disinclined. Finally, however, after much persuasion, he consented, saying that his fee would be ten dollars, cash down.

The client readily produced the ten dollars. Lincoln went to the poor man and gave him \$5 of the money on condition that he would immediately pay the alleged debt. This was done. The lawyer made \$5, the poor man gained \$2.50, and the claim was satisfied.

—H.N.B.

Mr. Corning had heard Lincoln's speech at Cooper Union in New York, and was deeply impressed. The next morning he hurried down to the Astor House and said to one of the members of Lincoln's party:

"I want to see Mr. Lincoln on business. Can I get to him?"

"He's the easiest man in the world to see," replied the politician.

After the introduction the railroad man opened the subject which lay on his mind. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "I understand that in Illinois you win all of your lawsuits."

Lincoln laughed softly. "Oh, no, Mr. Corning," he replied, "But I do make it a rule to refuse unless I am convinced my client's cause is just."

"Would you accept an offer from the New York Central," continued Mr. Corning abruptly, to become its general counsel at a salary of \$10,000 a year?"

This proposition was as amazing as it was sudden. Members of the Lincoln party were struck dumb with surprise. Lincoln lapsed into a deep study.

"Why, Mr. Corning," he said at last, "what would I do with \$10,000 a year? It would ruin my family to have that much income. I don't believe I had better accept it."

"Of course you will accept!" remarked his companions after Corning left.

"No, I don't think I shall," said Lincoln.

"Why, man, of course you will accept!" persisted his friends.

But Lincoln continued to shake his head, and a fortnight later, back in Illinois, he wrote a letter to Mr. Corning, answering with a final negative.

—Erastus Corning and Depew.



Abe Lincoln Once "Given Mitten" By St. Paul Woman's Great Aunt

When pretty Betsy Tuby spurned "Abe" Lincoln's request to "see her home" from singing school, she little dreamed that the tall, gawky youth would some day rule the nation.

Wednesday Betsy's grandniece, Mrs. Louisa K. Barr, 1429 Como avenue, told the story of her great-aunt's lost opportunity, and the time when Lincoln assumed the role of "pack-peddler."

"Near the little town of Gentryville, Ind.," Mrs. Barr said, "stood a log church called 'Old Pigeon.' Here the young people of the neighborhood gathered in the evening for their singing lessons.

Gawky Youth Was Lincoln.

"Among them was Betsy Tuby, pretty but inclined to be vain. Another familiar figure was that of a tall, gawky youth, who always sat in the rear of the church, and did not mingle much with young people. This youth was Abraham Lincoln.

"One evening, after the singing lessons were concluded, the boys, following their usual custom, lined up near the door to ask their favorite girls for the privilege of 'seeing them home.'

"Abe approached Betsy and asked shyly, 'May I see you home tonight?'

"Betsy tossed her titian-crowned head, and said in a tone audible to all present, 'No!'

"Abe flushed, but bowed politely and walked away into the night.

"Mrs. Betsy Tuby Hesson often remarked that she never dreamed that the tall, awkward youth would some day become President of the United States."

Tale of Lincoln's Trip.

The tale of Lincoln's trip as a "pack-peddler" concerns the country store owned by Mrs. Barr's great-uncle, William Jones, afterwards Colonel Jones in the Civil war.

"The Lincolns often came to trade at this store, located near the present town of Lincoln City, Ind.," Mrs. Barr said. "Abe, then a young man, obtained some goods at this store, which he made into a 'pack,' emulating the 'pack-peddlers' of that day.

"With his supply of knives, scissors, shawls, razors, handkerchiefs, and a great miscellany, he 'peddled' about the countryside.

"After reaching his destination, he wrote a letter to Mr. Jones, inclosing money for the goods, and saying he had had great success in selling the articles."

St. Paul Pioneer
2/12/25 - Press

Children look at Lincoln

By THERESA CHURCHILL
Herald & Review Lifestyle Writer

More interest.
The second Abraham Lincoln art and literary contest drew more than 140 entries — in comparison to 80 entries last year.
The contest was sponsored by the Decatur Chapter of the Civil War Roundtable and the Herald & Review.
Pupils in grades three through eight were eligible to enter in any of three categories: art, poetry or essay.
The winning work is published today to commemorate the 175th anniversary of Lincoln's birth Friday.
It depicts the many years the 16th president spent in Central Illinois, from the time he and his family moved to Deacon County from Indiana in 1830 to his departure from Springfield in February 1861 for Washington, D.C.



Search for a Career

Many of Abe Lincoln's friends wanted him to run for an office in the government in 1832, so he ran for the Illinois state legislature. He got home from the Blackhawk War just two weeks before the election. He was defeated because he didn't have time to campaign for the office of state legislator.
Lincoln had to find some way to make a living. Abe and William Berry bought a store in New Salem on credit. The store failed and Berry died in 1835, leaving Lincoln to pay for the rest of the store. It took him several years but he paid for it and he got his nickname, Honest Abe.
Lincoln had two jobs in New Salem. He was the postmaster and a land surveyor. These two jobs helped him make a living.
In 1834, Lincoln had become better known. He ran again for the legislature and was elected. He was intelligent and a good debater and quickly came to the front in the legislature. He was a leader in the plans for railroads and canals. He also made his first statement against slavery.
In 1834, during this same time, Lincoln started to study law. He walked many miles to go to school. In 1837, he became a partner in the law firm of Stuart and Lincoln.
Abe said, "If you are determined to make yourself a lawyer, the job is more than half done already."

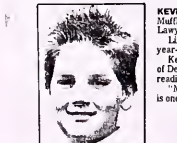


ALICE SLOAN, a sixth-grader at Bond Elementary School in Assumption, won with her essay, "Search for a Career." Her prize is \$15.
"It was interesting to see what Lincoln had to go through before he became president," the 11-year-old said.
Alice, daughter of Homer and Delores Sloan of rural Assumption, likes reading and swimming and is thinking about teaching second grade or third grade when she grows up.

POE

The Lawyer Abe

There he is, all dressed in black, Looking proud with jaw broken in his sack. Standing tall, he's 6 feet 4. Everyone could see him in the state of Illinois.
He walked so grand and so sincere,



KEVIN OLDMAN, a fourth-grader at Muffley School, won with his poem "The Lawyer Abe." His prize is \$25.
Lincoln's honesty impressed the 9-year-old the most.
Kevin, son of Donald and Sally Oldham of Decatur, enjoys drawing, writing, and reading. He hopes to be a lawyer.
"We are friends (Kevin D. Oldman) is one and I admire him," Kevin said.

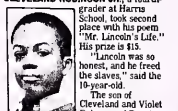


TREEMA DECLERK, a fifth-grader at Stumpington Elementary School, won with her drawing of Lincoln reading on the Central Illinois prairie. Her prize is \$25.
"It just looked like something I could do," the 10-year-old said.
Treema, daughter of Tim and Tracy Declerk of rural Stoughton, enjoys volleyball and drawing. Career options under consideration are a dentist, an artist or a teacher.

POEM 2nd

Mr. Lincoln's Life

Abraham Lincoln lived in Illinois. He also had a wife and three little boys. Mr. Lincoln was a very tall man. If I had ever met him, I would surely shake his hand.
Mary Todd was his wife. She was the love of his life. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. Surely Mr. Lincoln had to be brave. He died a great hero, but still today, His spirit lives on in every way. Many things bear his name. Without it, history wouldn't be the same.

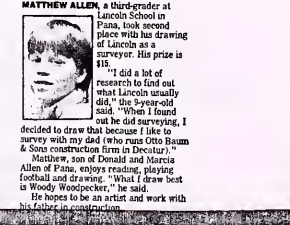


CLEVELAND ROBINSON JR., a fourth-grader at Hanna School, took second place with his poem "Mr. Lincoln's Life." His prize is \$15.
"Lincoln was so honest, and he freed the slaves," said the 9-year-old.
The son of Cleveland and Violet Robinson of Decatur likes playing basketball, jump rope, and writing poetry. He wants to teach college students.

ART 2nd



Abraham Lincoln taught himself to survey land areas.



MATTHEW ALLEN, a third-grader at Lincoln School in Pansu, took second place with his drawing of Lincoln as a surveyor. His prize is \$15.
"I did a lot of research to find out what Lincoln usually did," the 9-year-old said. "When I found out he did surveying, I decided to draw that because I like to survey with my dad who runs Otto Baum & Sons construction firm in Decatur."
Matthew, son of Donald and Marcia Allen of Pansu, enjoys reading, playing football and drawing. "What I draw best is Woody Woodpecker," he said.
He hopes to be an artist and work with his father in construction.

Abe's Kindness

Abraham Lincoln was a kind and loving man. He was as strong as two horses (very strong).
He was known as Abe. He went across a river just to get his dog, and he tore off his shirt sleeve to put his arm under it so even though it wasn't very hot, Now that's what I call love.
He could wrestle good, and when two boys hurt a mud turtle, Abe picked it up and put it in the river then he scolded the two boys.
Abe could cut wood very good. When someone got hurt, Abe was there. He was a good speller but at a spelling bee he couldn't play because the other team never won but it didn't even make Abe mad. Abe met Johnny Appleseed one day. He had torn hair to his shoulders.
Then Abe Lincoln moved to Illinois. He grew up strong and kind in Illinois.
Once Abe and Austin went to the woods and heard a cry. They followed the cry to the bushes and saw a hurt dog. Abe picked up the dog, and faced the dog's leg by making a toilet of stiff bark. Then he put the splint on the broken leg and tied it with strips of soft bark. The poor little dog stopped crying and licked Abe's hand. That was his way of saying, "Thank you, little boy."
Austin made a bed of leaves for the dog. His leg got well, and Abe called the dog Honey because he loved the dog dearly. He and the dog loved Abe dearly.
Abraham Lincoln died in 1865.

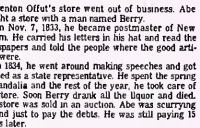


JERI MICHAEL, a third-grader at Lincoln School in Pansu, tied for second place with her essay "Abe's Kindness." Her prize is \$15.
"He didn't want to hurt an animal," the 8-year-old said. "and most boys want to hurt animals."
Jeri, daughter of Jim and Judy Michael of Pansu, enjoys riding horses, reading, and writing. She wants to be a lawyer because "I'm good at math and I've seen beauty."

ESSAY 2nd

Lincoln: New Salem Clerk

We all know that Abe Lincoln was the 16th president of the United States. We all also know that he was president during the Civil War and was on the side of the North. But many don't know of the time he lived in New Salem, Illinois. He worked as a clerk. Here's my story.
Abe Lincoln was going down a dirt road on a muggy day to New Salem. He arrived in 1831, on election day for the small town. But then that town was about as large as Chicago.
A man came up to him and asked, "Can you write?"
"Oh, I can read," said Abe.
"Good. We're short a clerk," said the man. (The reason they need clerks for voting is because the people told them their votes and they wrote them down.) So Abe did it.
In the next few days, he got hired to be a store clerk by a man named Denton Offit. Offit was shorter than Abe, because Abe was a very tall, tall man and was very strong and he had dark hair like long burned grass and no beard.
He had to share a cot with another clerk. Abe was so big you can imagine his feet dangling from the end of the cot and all the confusion and uncomfortableness in the night.
A few days later his boss started bragging that Abe was so tough. Another store owner heard it and told a game leader, so of course there was a fight. But Abe won.
Once when the store closed, Abe found out he had taken 6 cents too much from a customer so he walked three miles to her home to return it. That is truly how he got the nickname "Honest Abe."
People loved him because of his jokes and stories. That way he made many friends. Customers came to hear his stories in good weather.
One day a man came and sold some things to Abe in a barrel. He found a cork on top in the bottom of all his spare time, he lay on the counter reading.
Abe ran for state legislature. He was a soldier fighting Indians at the same time. He lost the election.
Denton Offit's store went out of business. Abe bought a store with a man named Berry.
On Nov. 7, 1833, he became postmaster of New Salem. He carried his letters in his hat and read the newspapers and told the people where the good articles were.
In 1834, he went around making speeches and got elected as a state representative. He spent the winter in Vandalia and the rest of the year, he took care of the store. Some Berry drank all the liquor and died. The store was sold in 1835. He was a soldier returning around just to pay the debts. He was still paying 15 years later.
He left New Salem to become a lawyer soon after his girlfriend, Anne Rutledge, died.
So as you see, Abe had a busy life in that big small town of New Salem.



RYAN WILLIAMS, a third-grader at Johns Hill Magnet School, tied for second with his essay "Lincoln: New Salem Clerk." His prize is \$15.
"I like to write stories," the 5-year-old said. "I enjoyed reading about all the weird physical facts Lincoln did while he was in New Salem."
The son of Martin and Roberta Williams of Decatur also likes playing soccer, baseball and drawing monsters. He is thinking about becoming a baseball player or an author.

3rd place winners, the judges

MORE

Children look at Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln in Illinois

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he left his family and went to live in New Salem. He was very tall and thin. He was a lucky man with broad shoulders and long legs. He didn't bother to dress up much, but he had a nice look despite that.

Someone once said he didn't always look like a gentleman, but he always acted like one.

New Salem was a small town with no more than 100 people. Abe liked having neighbors around, and he made friends quickly. Abe had a hard time deciding what career he wanted to pursue. He worked as a farmer and a carpenter. He worked on a riverboat and in a sawmill. He also worked in politics now and then.

When there was a war with the Indians, he stopped worrying about what job he wanted. He knew he must fight for his men. Chief Blackhawk was on the warpath. He burned many settlers' houses and killed many people. Abe was a firm son so he was elected the leader of his company. Abraham was pleased with the honor.

When the war was over, Abe went to work in a store. He enjoyed working there and before long he met a man that he knew from the Blackhawk War. The man asked him to move to Springfield and join him in the law profession.

Lincoln accepted his offer and moved to Springfield. He also met a beautiful young woman named Mary Todd. They fell in love and

were married in her sister's parlor.

They settled down and had a son named Robert Todd. Then, the Lincolns bought a house and had another boy, Eddie Lincoln.

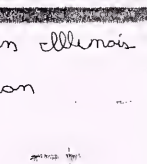
Eddie died soon after, but Abe and Mary had two more sons, Willie and Tad. They deeply admired their father.

Abe believed that slavery was wrong. He started a campaign against it. Later a candidate paraded in front of his house as a sign of support. This was the last the public saw of him before his presidency in Washington.

Abraham Lincoln was a great man. Illinois is proud to say he is an important part of our heritage.

BECKY WDHENSTEIN, a seventh-grader at Mount Auburn Elementary School, tied for third place with her essay "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois." Her grade is a Lincoln print.

It interested me how one of our greatest presidents was here in Illinois," said the 10-year-old. Becky, daughter of Kenneth and Helen Hohenstein of rural Mount Auburn, enjoys volleyball, cheerleading, swimming and softball. She would like to be a pediatrician.



BECKY WDHENSTEIN

ART BY
Abraham in Illinois
A great man



BRIAN ROSE, a sixth-grader at Mount Zion Intermediate School, took third place with his drawing of Lincoln and Illinois. His prize is a Lincoln print.

About his 13-year-old said, "It just came out." Brian, son of Bob and Mary Lou Rose of Mount Zion, enjoys swimming and several other sports. He hopes to be an engineer.

He hopes to be an engineer.



Emily Ann North



Virginia Hayes



Richard Ferry



Virginia Gore

Four pick contest winners

Four Decatur residents judged entries in the Abraham Lincoln art and literary contest.

They were chosen by the Decatur Chapter of the Civil War Roundtable, which formed in 1959 as the 100th anniversary of the Civil War approached. The group also provided the prizes for the contest.

Judging the art entries were Emily Ann North and Virginia

Hayes. North is a retired teacher whose career included 16 years in high school grades at Oak Grove School.

A member of Barn Colony Artists, she said art is her "serious hobby." She enjoys painting local scenes in oils and watercolors.

Hayes has been the art instructor at Eisenhower High School for the past 13 years after working at St. Teresa High School for six

years. Her students took top honors at the Mid-Central Region Scholastics Art Awards last year.

She is past president of Barn Colony Artists and chairman of the Downtown Decatur Art Fair. She is also president of Powers Lane Historic Preservation Society and chairman of the Near West Restoration and Preservation Society zoning committee.

Judging the poetry entries was Richard Ferry.

He is a professor of education at Milligan University and a "Prai-

rie Talk" columnist for the Herald & Review.

He was co-founder of the Blue Pine Poets and the Marjorie Poets in Decatur and is a member of the Red Herring Poets, Urbana. He is the author of a poetry chapbook, "Street of Manasins."

Judging the essays was Virginia Gore.

She is a retired principal of Argenta-Greene White School and a part-time teacher at the preschool at First Baptist Church. Her interests include history and travel.

A Flatboat Adventure

When Abraham Lincoln was 22, he went on an adventure to New Orleans.

Abe took a flatboat from the Sangamon River, down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. He was carrying cargo that had been harvested in Illinois.

Abraham never forgot the night he was attacked by river bandits. He grabbed an oar and out-manoeuvred them. They gave him a scar over his eye that he had for the rest of his life.

Once, along the way, his flatboat was caught on a dam. The flatboat started to fill with water. Abraham bored a hole in the side of the boat to drain the water. The boat slid over the dam. Abe plugged the hole and floated down the river. This shows his great ingenuity.

On this trip, Abe saw things he had never seen before. He saw different types of land formations such as bayous, inlets and swamps. He also saw different forms of wildlife, such as pelicans. He met fur traders and trappers carrying their goods along the way.

Further down the river, he saw different kinds of boats, such as colorful steamboats with giant paddle wheels, which carried cotton. He saw large steamboats that carried rich passengers, dressed in fancy he had never seen.

In New Orleans, he heard jazz. This was the beginning of the form of jazz we know today. He saw people of different countries, cultures, and customs. Even the food was different. It must have looked like another world to him. This ex-

perience gave him knowledge of the outside world.

But one sight had the most unpleasant on him. It was the slave markets. He could not believe humans were being treated like animals.

He saw slaves chained together. They were whipped, separated from their families, and sold just like animals at an auction. These incidents were shocking. He said the slaves were human beings and deserved respect.

When Abraham Lincoln returned to Illinois, he used his new knowledge and experiences in running for Congress and in debating Stephen A. Douglas.

The Mississippi River affected many lives in the 1800s. Many people had flatboat adventures, but they did not use their experiences to affect the world like Abraham Lincoln did.

SEAN PETERSON, a sixth-grader at Mount Zion Intermediate School, tied for third place with his essay "A Flatboat Adventure." His prize is a Lincoln print.

"I like river adventures," said the 11-year-old. "I like Mark Twain books, too."

Sean, son of Russell and Patricia Peterson of Mount Zion, likes baseball, soccer, basketball, hockey and making models of cars and planes. He'd like to play professional sports.

Abe the Compassionate President

Mr. Lincoln was a great president because of his compassion.

He was always kind, not only to people but also to animals. When his mother died, he tried to cheer his sister by going and catching a raccoon for her.

Once when Abe moved, they took a dog with them. When they crossed the river, the dog wouldn't. So Abraham went back into the freezing water and brought back the dog.

One day he went down the Sangamon River and then on to New Orleans and saw the slaves being sold. He did not like that very much because he thought it was wrong.

He was compassionate to his sister, to strangers, and to animals he came upon. This is one of the things that made him such a

good president.

DUSTIN BLOOM, a fourth-grader at Blue Mount Grade School, tied for third place with his essay "Abe the Compassionate President." His prize is a Lincoln print.

"I read books about Lincoln," the 10-year-old said, "and it seemed like he was nice to everybody."

Dustin, son of Gary Bloom of Stonington and Denise Ryan of Blue Mount, enjoys collecting baseball cards and shearing sheep. He's thinking about becoming a professional baseball player.

New Salem's Best

Abe Fast, good jumping, throwing, running. He was the town's best.

KAREN DARWOOD, a third-grader at Stonington Elementary School, took third place with her poem "New Salem's Best." Her prize is a Lincoln print.

"He was a good athlete," said the 8-year-old. "He won all sorts of running and throwing contests."

Karen, daughter of Douglas and Betsy Garwood of Stonington, likes dancing, painting and gymnastics. She would like to become an artist.

She would like to become an artist.

